SHIVÁJÍ

From a painting by Ravi Varma

SHIVÁJÍ THE MARÁTHÁ

HIS LIFE AND TIMES

BY

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शिवराजास आठवावें । जीवित तृणासम मानावें ।
इहपरलोकीं तरावें । कीर्तिरूपें ॥
शिवराजाचें आठवावें रूप । शिवराजाचा आठवावा साक्षेप ।
शिवराजाचा आठवावा प्रताप । भूमंडळीं ॥

Remember Shiváji! And count this Life as grass.
In this world and the next, rely on Fame alone.
Remember Shiváji! His form, his noble aims;
Forget not also all his valiant deeds on earth.

RÁMDÁS.

PREFACE

I HAVE to acknowledge my indebtedness to Ráo Bahádur B. A. Gupte, Curator of the Victoria Memorial Exhibition, Calcutta, for permission to reproduce the picture of Shivájí, by Rájá Ravi Varma, said to be copied from a contemporary Dutch print; to Mr. C. A. Kincaid, C.V.O., I.C.S., for permission to produce his spirited version of the Ballad of Sinhagad, and for kindly reading and correcting my proofs; to Mr. R. D. Ránade, M.A., for translating the selections from the old Maráthá poets given in Appendix II; and to Mr. V. A. Smith and the officials of the Clarendon Press for valuable advice and assistance in many ways. The map is the work of Mr. R. K. Bhide of the Poona Agricultural College.

NOTE

THE orthography of proper names is that adopted by the Government of India in the Imperial Gazetteer. The vowels have the following values:—*a*, as in woman; *á*, as in father; *i*, as in kin; *í*, as in intrigue; *o*, as in cold; *u*, as in bull; *ú*, as in rule. (It should be remembered that the *a* sound in the English cat, &c., is *never* found in the Maráthí dialect.)

INTRODUCTION

No life of Shivájí has up to the present appeared in English. Yet we can hardly exaggerate the importance, in the history of modern India, of the great chieftain who laid the foundations of the Maráthá Empire. Fortunately, the materials for such a compilation are good and abundant. The great families of the Dekhan all have their *bakhars*, or family chronicles, which are replete with information. Of the Bhosle clan alone, to which Shivájí belonged, some sixteen such chronicles still exist, and many more must have perished. Of these, the Chitnis *bakhar*, and the *bakhar* known as Chitragupta's, conveniently edited with notes in Maráthí by K. N. Sane, B.A., have been chiefly used in the compilation of the present monograph. Another interesting *bakhar*, which has also been consulted, is given in Forrest's *Selections from the Bombay State Papers* (Maráthá Series, vol. i). This is a translation, made by 'E. Frissel, Poona, 1806', of a document, now lost, compiled by native clerks from records preserved in the Daftárkháná in Shivájí's capital at Ráigad. It is therefore of unique importance. Some doubts, however, have been thrown on the accuracy of the translations. It is hardly possible, for instance, that a Maráthá chronicler should describe Shivájí as sallying forth 'on a night *darker than his*

own heart.' [1] Another translation of an old *bakhar*, said to be based on an even older one made for Shivájí's son Rájárám at Tánjúr, was published by J. L Mánker, under the title of *The Life and Exploits of Shivájí*, Nirnaya Ságara Press, Bombay 1884. The original MS., which was found at Páchád, had apparently disappeared A mass of documents relating to Shivájí, including letters to Aurangzeb, to his son, and to his brother, still exist in various parts of the Presidency of Bombay. Many of these await publication, though some have appeared in the *Itihása Samgraha*, edited by Ráo Bahádur Párasnis of Sátára. It is imperative that all such documents should be published as soon as possible. Owing to official neglect, a vast mass of information which was extant in the time of Grant Duff has now completely disappeared. Among local sources of information, mention should perhaps be made of the picturesque ballads or *paváddás*, of the exploits of Shivájí, still sung by the Gondhálís, or wandering minstrels, at fairs and festivals all over the Dekhan. Some of these have been collected by Acworth and Shálıgrám (London 1891), and a specimen is included in the appendix to this volume. Of Mahommedan histories of the Dekhan, Briggs's translation of Ferishta's *History of the Deccan* (Reprint, Cambray, Calcutta 1908), and the famous *Muntakhabu-l Lubáb*, of Muhammad Háshim, commonly called Kháfí Khán, translated by Elliot and Dowson

[1] Telang in Ranade's *Rise of the Maráthá Power*, ch. xiii. See the full discussion of other original documents there given.

in their *History of India as told by its own Historians* (London 1877), vol. vii, are the most important.

Of English works on Maráthá history, the earliest which concerns us is the entertaining *New Account of East India and Persia* by Dr. Fryer (London 1698).[1] Fryer was in Bombay when Shivájí was crowned at Ráigad, and so what he has to tell us is of peculiar interest. Other early works are Orme's *Historical Fragments of the Moghul Empire* (London 1805), Scott Waring's *Maráthás* (London 1810), and Briggs's *History of the Muhommedan Power* (1832). Most important, however, by far, is Grant Duff's masterly *History of the Mahrattas* (London 1826, Bombay 1863, 1873, 1878, and Calcutta 1912), which is now invaluable, as the author had access to a vast mass of documents now, alas, lost. They were deposited by the author with the Bombay Literary Society, and when that society became extinct they also disappeared. The late Justice Ránade's brilliant little essay on *The Rise of the Maráthá Power* (Bombay 1912) is spoilt by the author's exaggerated views on his hero's merits and achievements. One of the most valuable books to the student of Maráthá history is that extraordinary monument of scholarly research and diligence, *The Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency* (Bombay 1896). Volume I contains the important essays of Sir R. G. Bhandárkar on the 'Early History of the Deccan', and of Sir J. F. Fleet on the 'Dynasties of the Kanarese

[1] Reprint Hakluyt Society. Ed. Crooke, 1909.

Districts'. The other volumes are replete with local information

English writers on Indian History generally speak of Shivájí as an assassin and freebooter; Indian authors run to the opposite extreme in palliating his faults and magnifying his achievements. The object of the historian is, I conceive, to

'Nothing extenuate
Nor aught set down in malice.'

This I have endeavoured to do. With what degree of success, I leave my readers to judge.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

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CHAPTER I

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE DEKHAN

ALMOST across the centre of the Indian peninsula stretches the great natural barrier of the Vindhya mountains. Southward of this lies the Dekhan, the Sanskrit *Dakshindpatha* or South Country, a vast rocky plateau, its slopes covered with dense forests and intersected by precipitous gorges, which formerly rendered it almost inaccessible to the invader. An Alexandrian merchant, who visited Broach in the first century A.C., says that the Dekhan in his day 'consisted of desert regions and vast mountains, swarming with wild beasts of every description—leopards, tigers, elephants, huge snakes, hyenas, and monkeys of various kinds'.[1] The Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian, three hundred years later, speaks of the Dekhan as precipitous and dangerous. It was, he found, impossible to penetrate its fastnesses without guides, who passed the traveller on from one to another. Along the western side, the land slopes away abruptly to the sea, the Sayhádrí, or Western Ghâts, forming a kind of fringe or barrier, between which and the ocean lies a narrow strip of alluvial country called the Konkan. The climate of the Konkan is moist and humid, and the soil is rich and fertile; but the great

[1] *Periplus Maris Erythraei*, § 50 (ed. Müller).

inland plateau of the Dekhan is hot and dry, and the ground is barren and stony. The rain-clouds, which from June to September sweep inland from the Arabian Sea, beat vainly against the rocky wall of the Sayhádrís, where their moisture is precipitated in furious storms, resulting in a rainfall often of two or three hundred inches in three or four months. Inland they penetrate but feebly, often indeed not at all. Parts of the Dekhan are almost periodically famine-stricken. In the terrible *Durgá Dévi* famine of 1396–1408, no rain at all fell for twelve whole years, and for two decades the land was a desert, inhabited only by wild beasts and robbers. One feature of the country must be particularly noted. The action of sun and rain has carved out a number of abrupt, flat-topped peaks all over the land, easily convertible, by means of a few curtains and bastions at the least inaccessible points, into almost impregnable forts. These natural strongholds have, from time immemorial, played a decisive part in the country's history. The Maráthá hillmen, issuing from them in sudden sallies, would seek their shelter when seriously assailed, only to creep out again when the baffled foe retired, and hang on his flanks like a pack of wolves, cutting off stragglers and intercepting supplies. *Τρηχεῖ', ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος*, said Ulysses of Ithaca.[1] The inhabitants of these wild and sun-swept tracts were equally frugal and hardy. Mounted on their tiny ponies, the Maráthá horsemen could thrive where any

[1] 'Rough and stony, but a good nursing-mother.' *Od.* ix. 27.

other army must have starved. They often lived for days together, we are informed by perfectly reliable authorities, on ears of corn plucked and rubbed between the hands [1]

Beyond the Vindhyas, Aryan civilization penetrated slowly. In the *Rámáyana*, Ráma speaks of the country round the Godáveri as the 'forest of Dandaka', and it is inhabited by 'demons', Rákshasas and Dasyus,—probably the wild aboriginal hillmen,—who plagued Aryan settlers who ventured within its borders. It was probably not before the seventh century B.C. that the Dekhan became Hindu in language and customs. Even then, its inhabitants retained a great many of their distinctive racial peculiarities. The leaven of Aryan blood was by no means as strongly felt as in the Panjáb or the Ganges valley. On the other hand, the Dekhan highlands were far more affected than the purely Dravidian kingdoms south of the Krishná, which remained, in blood and language, very little influenced by their contact with the Aryans, though they adopted their social and religious system. The inhabitants of the Dekhan appear to belong mainly to a Scytho-Dravidian stock, with a considerable Aryan element in the higher castes. They speak a dialect which is Aryan by descent, with an intermixture of a few aboriginal roots and forms.

The origin of the word *Maráthá* is involved in some obscurity. In the inscriptions of Asoka [2] (272 B.C.),

[1] Grant Duff, i. 571, *note* (*sub fin.*).
[2] Rock-edict V, trans. V A. Smith, Oxford, 1904.

we find mention made of the 'Rástikas and Pitenikas', among the nations on his borders to whom the Emperor sent his Buddhist missionaries. The Pitenikas are, no doubt, the people of Paithan, and the Rástikas the Maráthás. These Rástikas or Rathas came to call themselves Mahá-Rathas, just as the Bhojas of Berár styled themselves Mahá-bhojas. Hence arose the term Mahá-rathi, which (with the feminine Mahá-rathíní) is common in cave inscriptions in the Dekhan as early as the second century A.D. The country in which the Mahárathis lived was called Mahárátha, more familiar to us in its Sanskrit form Mahárâshtra. Whence the Maráthás originally came is by no means clear. Local legends connect them with the Rájput clan of the Ráhtors, with whom the ancient family of the Ráshtrakútas, apparently on good grounds, claims kinship. Later clans, such as the Bhosles, to which Shiváji belonged, also trace their origin to a Rájput ancestor. If this is true, the trace of Rájput blood in the veins of the Maráthá fighting classes may partly account for their valour and love of warfare.[1]

The creed of Gautama, preached in the Dekhan by Asoka's missionaries appears to have become extremely popular there. Innumerable Buddhist caves are to be

[1] On this subject, see the learned remarks of Sir R. D. Bhandarkar, 'Early History of the Dekhan' (*Bombay Gazetteer*, I. ii. 143), and of Sir J. R. Fleet, C.I.E., 'History of the Kanarese Districts,' ibid 384. Fleet would connect the Ratthas with the Reddis, but these speak Kanarese, not Marathi. An old derivation of Maharashtra, as 'Country of the Mhars', gave great local offence!

found all over the country. Of these, the magnificent *Chaitya* hall at Kárlí, with its cathedral-like aisles, and its semi-Persian pillars, and the Ajantá caves, with their exquisite frescoes, are perhaps the most conspicuous examples. Buddhism died out by degrees in the Dekhan in the fifth and sixth centuries A.D., but some remains of Buddhist influence may probably be still traced in the popular religion of the country. The god Vitthala or Vithobá of Pandhárpur is, among the lower orders, perhaps the favourite local deity to-day. In his temple distinctions of caste cease to exist; his festivals coincide with the Buddhist Lent; and his shrine is called by the Buddhist name *vihára*.[1]

The earliest rulers of the Dekhan of whom we hear are the Ándhras or Satavâhanas, a dynasty which ruled from very early times to the middle of the third century A.D. Their fame still lingers in the mind of the unlettered peasant in the legends of the greatness of the mythical Shálivâhana. There is little doubt that the Dekhan under the Ándhras was a flourishing and prosperous kingdom. Greek traders plied up and down her coasts from Broach to Goa, bringing wine and glass and specie, and beautiful girls for the royal harem,[2] and taking in exchange onyx stones, fine muslins, and costus, lycium, and other spices and unguents beloved of the Roman ladies. Powerful mercantile guilds, like the weavers,

[1] Vitthala, Vithu, is of course a dialectic corruption of Vishnu. But Buddha is, according to Hindu mythology, an *avatar* of Vishnu.

[2] *Periplus*, § 49.

druggists, and corn-merchants, devoted themselves to religious works, such as the cave-temple of Kárlí and the Amrávati *stúpa*. Ports like Broach, and inland cities like Suppara, Paithan, Násik, Kalyán, Tágara, and many others, flourished exceedingly, and good roads connected them with the sea. Paithan especially was 'the jewel and glory of Maháráshtra, with rich palaces and cool temples', with wide roads, strong walls and moats, and white market-places.[1] The Ándhras were patrons of literature. The Maháráshtri is classed by grammarians among the five great Prákrit dialects of mediaeval India. The *Brihat Kathá*, from which Somadeva largely drew his immortal 'Ocean of Stories,' and the *Saptashati*, an anthology of love-lyrics praised for their elegance by the great Bána, are traditionally connected with the name of Shálivåhana.

Of the later history of the Dekhan there is, alas, little known.[2] In the third century A.D., the Ándhra dynasty, after a long and glorious career, became extinct About two centuries afterwards, we find their place taken by the Chálukyas, a dynasty said to be of Rájput origin who revived the glories of their predecessors. The rájá Pulikesi extended the kingdom of the Dekhan to the eastern seas. He beat back the great Hálá, whose power extended from end to end of Northern India, and his fame brought him

[1] *J B. B R. A. S.*, x 134 The quotation is from a Jain work.
[2] As we have seen, Fa Hian (A. D. 400) could not enter or get any information.

ambassadors from the Sassanian court. This event is immortalized in the frescoes of Ajantá, themselves not the least glorious of the achievements of this monarch. We are fortunate in having a graphic pen-picture of the Dekhan under Pulikesi, from that most entertaining of writers, the Chinese pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang.

Hiuen Tsiang evidently formed a high opinion of the bravery, chivalry, and honesty of the Maráthás. 'Their manners', he tells us, 'are simple and honest. They are tall, haughty, and supercilious in character. Whoever does them a service may count on their gratitude, but he that offends them will not escape their revenge. If any one insults them, they will risk their lives to wipe out the affront. If one apply to them in difficulty, they will forget to care for themselves in order to flee to his assistance. When they have an injury to avenge, they never fail to give warning to their enemy; after which, each dons his cuirass and grasps his spear in his hand. In battle, they pursue the fugitives, but do not slay those who give themselves up. When a general has lost a battle, instead of punishing him corporally, they make him wear women's clothes, and by that force him to sacrifice his own life.'

In many of the characteristics thus noted by the Chinese scholar, we may detect, in the remote ancestry of Shivájí, the qualities which distinguished the career of that great prince, and which enabled the Maráthás to withstand the forces of the great Moghal himself.

From the death of Pulikesi to the end of the tenth century, the Rástrakútas, an ancient Maráthá family, as their name implies, temporarily superseded the Chálukyas, and during this period orthodox Hinduism finally ousted Buddhism from the Dekhan. The Jains, however, remained a powerful sect. The most typical work of art of this period is the great Kailása temple at Elúrá, hewn from the living rock. After a long period of confused wars against their southern neighbours, the Chálukya kings finally came to an end at the close of the twelfth century. After the Chálukyas came the Hoysalas, and after the Hoysalas the Yádavs of Devgiri or Daulatábád. Of the latter race the last and greatest was Rámchandra or Rámadeva. He, like many of his predecessors, was a patron of literature, and at his court lived many famous scholars, of whom the chief was the great Hemádpant, and his pupil Bopadeva. More important, perhaps, was the famous translation of the *Gítá* into Maráthí by Dnyándeva[1] in A.D. 1290, for this is the first considerable poem in the vernacular Maráthí as contrasted with the Maháráshtri Prákrit But a new factor had now been introduced into Indian politics. In 1294 Alá-ud-dín, the Mahommedan Sultán of Delhi, swept across the Narmadá, and the last Hindu monarchy of the Dekhan before the accession of Shivájí was blotted out after a brief but fruitless struggle (A.D. 1313).

[1] Many people hold this to be the first poem in Marathi. This is wrong Mukundraj wrote several poems in the reign of Bhillama, just a century earlier. Even in his poems the language is by no means in its infancy.

It would be a thankless task to unravel in detail the tangled skein of the history of the Mahommedan rulers of the Dekhan for the next two centuries. It is a story mainly of blood and treachery and confused fighting. The Dekhan, however, in spite of the triumphant march of Málik Káfur from the gates of Delhi to Adam's Bridge, was never subdued like the country north of the Vindhyas. The Emperors of Delhi were kept too busy by fresh invading hordes from across the Hindu Kush to spare many troops for distant enterprises. That cruel and capricious monarch, Muhammad Tughlak, who founded Daulatábád on the site of the ancient Devgiri by making the wretched inhabitants of Delhi leave their city and walk there, a distance of over 800 miles, raided the country several times to replenish his exhausted treasury; but his unbearable brutalities brought their own reward. A rebellion, one of many, broke out among his officers, who fled to Daulatábád, and being joined by many of the local Hindu nobles, they managed to resist an attack led by the Emperor himself. Muhammad Tughlak was soon recalled by a disturbance in the north, and the rebels, choosing as their leader a certain Zafar Khán, set him up as king of the Dekhan. So started the first independent Mahommedan principality of Southern India. It received the name of the Baháмani dynasty from the fact that its founder, like many another adventurer who carved out thrones and empires for himself in the East in those troubled times, had started life as a slave, his master being a Brahman of

Delhi. The Báhmini dynasty, which lasted from 1357 to 1526, enjoyed comparative immunity from interference on the part of the Emperors of Delhi, for various reasons. Chief among these is the fact that Delhi was for most of the time plunged in an orgy of blood. In 1398 Timúr and his Moghals swept down upon the doomed city, massacring till the streets were rendered impassable by heaps of corpses; and neither the Sayyids nor the Lodis exercised much authority beyond the walls of their capital. It was not till the Moghals, under the gay and gallant Bábar, once more established a settled kingdom on the site of so much sorrow and rapine, in 1530, that interference in the internal affairs of the south became possible.

Meanwhile, affairs were shaping themselves in the Dekhan. On the banks of the Tungabhadra sprang up the great city of Vijayanagar. Besides this, the Báhmini kingdom gradually fell apart, and five independent states grew up out of its fragments, of which two are especially important for our purpose. These are the state of Bijápur in the south, under the Adil Sháhs, founded in 1489 by a son of Amuráth II of Turkey, who had reached India after a series of romantic and almost incredible adventures; and the state of Ahmadnagar, founded at the same time by one Málik Ahmad, a minister descended from a Brahmin prisoner.[1] An ominous event was the appearance, in 1498, of Vasco de Gama off the coast of Calicut, and in

[1] The kingdom of Golconda, governed by the Kutab Sháhs, plays a certain part in the later life of Shivájí; but of the small kingdoms of Bidar and Berar we hear nothing.

1510 Albuquerque founded the city of Goa on an island captured from the forces of Bijápur.

Such, then, was the condition of the Dekhan at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was practically divided between the principalities of Bijápur and Ahmadnagar. Bijápur, strengthened by its crushing victory over Vijayanagar in 1565, was the more powerful and compact of the two kingdoms: Ahmadnagar, rent by factions. invited Moghal interference, as by this time the Moghal Empire had been established on a firm basis by the master-hand of the great Akbar. Akbar, however, was content with the conquest of Khándesh, and the fortunes of Ahmadnagar were temporarily revived by the prudent counsels of Málik Ambar. Under this régime the Maráthás, though they can hardly be said to have been well governed, were not particularly discontented or unhappy. Of national feeling, until Shivájí galvanized it into life, there was little or none. There was little persecution upon the part of the Mahommedans, and, on the whole, Hindu and Mahommedan agreed amicably. The Mahommedan courts afforded plenty of scope for adventurers of any caste or creed, and in them many an astute Brahman rose to wealth and fame. Of central government there was practically none. The Mahommedans, a mere handful, kept mostly to their capitals. The districts were let out in *jághír*, or fief, to the great Maráthá nobles, who in return were bound to supply a standing force of cavalrymen for their overlord Of these Maráthá families, the Mores, the

Nimbhálkars of Phaltan, the Ghorpades, and the Daphles, were in the service of Bijápur; the Jádavs and the Bhosles in the service of Ahmadnagar. These chiefs, however, were generally ready to sell their swords for a price, and as their bodies of horse usually turned the scale in a campaign, they enjoyed considerable respect and independence. The minor hill-forts were garrisoned by these Maráthá feudatories; only a few important ones were held by the Mahommedans under a Killedár or Governor, and as these posts were desolate, isolated, and often ill-found, they were usually not very formidable. The Mahommedans made the fatal mistake of failing to realize that the hill-forts and not the walled towns, were the key of the Dekhan. The ordinary population, regulated by its caste distinctions, dwelt, we may believe, at peace in its villages, recking as little as it does now who governed it, provided that it was free from inordinate extortion on the part of its tax-gatherers, unharassed by marauding troopers, and not more hardly pressed than usual by failing monsoons and famines. Justice was administered by the *panchâyat*, or jury of five, of the village elders, according to immemorial unwritten custom. Order was maintained by the village officers, the *Pátil* and the *Kúlkarni*. Probably the system of tax-farming, which, in spite of supervision by Mahommedan officials, must have led to a great deal of oppression and injustice, was the only real grievance. As we shall see later, it was the first object of Shiváji's reforms.

CHAPTER II

THE BOYHOOD OF SHIVÁJÍ, 1627–1646

As we have already observed, Maráthá families liked to trace their descent to a Rájput ancestor. The family of Bhosle was not above this weakness. They claimed that the founder of their house, a certain Bhosavant Bhosle, was a descendant of nothing less than the princely house of Chitor, whose ancestors, in the troubled times of Alá-ud-dín, had migrated to the Dekhan. Bhosavant Bhosle, however, was merely a *pátil*, or village officer, of the district of Singánapur when we first hear of him, and the story of his princely origin can hardly be regarded seriously. From him sprang a certain Bábájí, whose two sons, Málojí and Vithojí, (the elder was born in the year A.D. 1550), entered the service of the powerful nobleman, Lukají Jádavráo of Sinkhed, who claimed descent from the famous mediaeval rájás, the Jádavs of Devgiri. Lukají was a feudatory in the service of the Nizám Sháhí government of Ahmadnagar, for which he maintained a force of 10,000 horse, and Málojí appears to have obtained a subordinate post in his service. Málojí was an able, ambitious man, and attracted the notice of his overlord, who admitted both himself and his little son Sháhjí to terms of considerable familiarity among his household. He finally had the audacity to demand

the hand of his patron's daughter in marriage to his son, a request which was peremptorily refused. The refusal came not so much from Lakhají himself as from his wife, who, like all women, was bent upon making as noble a match for her daughter as possible, and scorned the idea of an alliance with an insignificant underling. A story is repeated in the annals of the Bhosle family of how, one day, the two children were playing together in the court-yard of Lakhají's palace It was the fifth day of *Holi* in the year 1599, and Sháhjí was a child of five years old. A great number of Lakhají's dependants were present, and that noble, catching Sháhjí and his little daughter, seated them on his knee, remarking in a jesting tone, 'Well, my girl, will you have this boy for your husband?' To the surprise of all, Málojí jumped up, and claimed that Lakhají had consented to the betrothal of the two, and, in spite of protests, insisted upon the ratification of his claim. However this may be, Málojí, incensed at the rejection of his repeated proffers, left the service of Lakhají in high dudgeon, and retired to his native village Here he was not heard of for some time, till finally he reappeared as a man of considerable wealth. A great hoard of gold, buried beneath an ant-hill, had been revealed to him, it is said by no less a person than the goddess Bhavání[1] herself. The practice of hoarding treasure in this way has always been popular

[1] Bhavání, or Ambábái as she is familiarly called, is a local form of Durgá, the consort of Shiva in her terrible aspect. Her great shrine in the Dekhan is at Tuljápur. She was the *Kula Devatá*, or family goddess, of the Bhosle clan.

among Hindus, and the story may contain an element of truth. Or Málojí and his brother may have enriched themselves by a little private freebooting,—no difficult thing for a couple of determined soldiers, in those troubled days, with a troop of horse at their backs. At any rate, about 1603 Málojí reappears. He spent much of his money in pious works,—repairing temples, building tanks, and feeding Brahmans,—and more in equipping a considerable regiment of cavalry.

He now presented himself once more at the court of Lakhají. With his wealth, his well-found troopers, and the popularity acquired by his pious acts, Málojí was no longer the despised dependant of five years before. His brother-in-law, the powerful Naik Nimbálkar of Phaltan, interceded on his behalf, and Málojí is even said to have laid his case, in a none too deferential manner, before the Nizám Sháh himself. The fortunes of Ahmadnagar were waning, and Málojí's wealth and forces were not to be despised in the desperate struggle against the ever advancing power of the Moghals. Accordingly, in April 1604, the wedding of Sháhjí and Jijábái was celebrated with great pomp, Málojí was raised to the rank of commander of 5,000 horse, and presented with the *jághírs*[1] of Poona and Supé, and the forts of Chákan and Sivaneri.

Málojí died in 1619, and his son Sháhjí lived very much the life of his father. At first he returned to the service of 'Ahmadnagar, and took a leading part in the confused and wearying story of intrigue, treachery,

[1] Estates.

and bloodshed, which marked the closing years of that state. After changing sides more than once, and even trying a little king-making on his own, he was compelled to abandon Ahmadnagar to its fate, and in 1637 it was taken by the Emperor Sháh Jahán. Sháhjí had by this time entered the service of Bijápur, and when Sháh Jahán made peace with the latter kingdom, it was stipulated that this turbulent leader should be given up to the Moghals. This, however, was easier said than done. Sháhjí, not without the connivence of Bijápur, promptly fled with his followers to the Dekhan hills, where he played hide-and-seek with the unfortunate general sent to arrest him. Finally Sháh Jahán, anxious to wind up affairs in the Dekhan, granted him a free pardon on condition that he returned to the service of Bijápur. The latter state had profited greatly by the late war. The Moghals allowed it to claim many of the forts of the central Dekhan, contenting themselves with Ahmadnagar and the territories in its immediate vicinity.

Shivájí had been born in May 1627. His birthplace was the fort of Sivaneri. Here his mother had been left by Sháhjí, who, at that time, had just escaped from Daulatábád, which was being invested by the Moghal forces. The first ten years of the young Maráthá's life were troubled enough. Jijábai was too proud to return to her father's roof: the Mahommedans were harassing the countryside, and her husband was a fugitive. She fled from fort to fort, in daily fear of arrest. Once she was actually seized by a Moghal

force, but was rescued by the Maráthás. When the amnesty of 1637 was proclaimed, Sháhjí was temporarily reunited to his family, who joined him at Bijápur. Shivájí, now a growing lad of ten, was three years at the court of the Ádil Sháhs, and the experience was of the greatest use to him, for it gave him a thorough insight into the strength and weakness of that great but degenerate capital. Shivájí is described as being singularly shrewd and intelligent for his years, and addicted to asking questions about affairs of state. One trait of his character was even then prominent. He showed open contempt and hatred for Mahommedans and their religion. Stories are related of how he became involved in more than one dispute over that perennial source of friction between Mahommedan and Hindu, the practice of cow-killing, attacking the butchers in the streets and liberating their victims. Nor would he, when taken to court, perform the usual profound obeisance required by Mussalman etiquette, but contented himself with an informal *salaam*. It was only Sháhjí's position as a trusted servant of the Ádil Sháh dynasty, and his popularity with the Bijápur nobility, which saved the lad from condign punishment. In this, we may be sure, Shivájí was instigated by his mother. A proud, determined woman, she never forgot that in her veins ran the blood of those who, before the coming of the *Yavana*,[1] had been the rulers of the land, and she

[1] 'Barbarian.' Used originally of the *Ionians* or Greeks who invaded N.W. India in the days of Alexander and after, but

bore her husband no goodwill for consenting to fight in their employ. It is related that she refused to allow Shivájí to be married at Bijápur, 'lest the Mahommedans might defile the ceremony by their presence.' It was now time for Sháhjí to proceed once more upon his campaigns in the Karnátak, and as it was obviously unpalatable to both Shivájí and Jijábái to remain at the court of the hated Mussalman, they were sent back to Sháhjí's *jághír* in the Dekhan. This was the turning-point of Shivájí's life. He was brought up by his mother and by Dádájí Kondev, a loyal servant to whom Sháhjí had entrusted the education of his son and the management of his estates. The family settled at the city of Poona, an ancient centre of Brahman learning, and so the lad was surrounded by an atmosphere of rigid and uncompromising orthodoxy. An intense love for his country and his religion,—which showed itself especially in his devotion for Ambá Bhaváni, the family goddess,—was the natural result. There seems to be little doubt that Shivájí grew up with a genuine sense of a mission,—that his career was inspired by a real desire to free his country from what he considered to be a foreign tyranny, and not by a mere love of plunder. Here, too, he learned to love the legendary myths and epics of Hinduism. He would sit for long nights by the fireside or under the moonlight, listening to the recitations of *kathás* and *purânas*, the tales of

later applied as a term of hatred and contempt to all Westerners, especially Mahommedans. Cf. *Roumi*.

Ráma and Sítá, and the adventures of the Pándavs, or the ballads of the *gondhalis*. One of the most picturesque stories of his career relates how, at the risk of his life, he once stole through the Mussalman lines, into the heart of his enemy's camp at Poona, to listen to a *kathá*.

To the mountain-valleys of the Poona district the name of Mával is generally applied. The Mávlis, or hillmen, who cultivate these valleys, are an uncouth, backward, and stupid race. Up to the time of Shivájí they had been generally neglected and despised. The young Maráthá, however, discovered that beneath an unprepossessing appearance many sterling qualities were concealed. Hardy, brave, and intensely faithful, the Mávlis soon came to regard their young master with passionate admiration. They had profited greatly by the wise and equitable administration of Dádájí, and the winning manner of Shivájí captivated them entirely. They took him with them on their hunting expeditions, they taught him to ride and shoot; they made him an expert in the use of the sword. Above all, by wandering in their company, Shivájí learnt to know every inch of the Dekhan hills, and to find his way through the tangled maze of jungle and ravine and precipice which leads from the Gháts to the Konkan. Three friends he particularly made, Esájí Kanka, Bájí Phasalkar, and Tánájí Málusre, and to them he confided his ambitions. For Shivájí's mind had not been idle. In the Poona *jághír* were four natural strongholds, giving their possessors

a hold over the surrounding country. These were Kondáná (afterwards the famous Sinhagad), overlooking Poona, Torná, built on the summit of a bold and precipitous hill some twenty miles distant; and the forts of Chákan and Púrandhar. As Shivájí had observed, they were carelessly guarded. Their walls were in bad repair; the garrisons were weakened by the withdrawal of the best troops for the war in the Karnátak, and by the fevers which rendered them almost uninhabitable during the rains. Muhammad Ádil Sháh thought little of the Dekhan, which was scarcely worth holding, and his ambitions were directed towards the richer and more profitable conquests in the south. Indolent and artistic, he preferred building palaces and mausoleums to ruling efficiently; and as Shivájí's experience of court-life had shown him, much could be achieved by means of judicious presents to the high officials. Nothing could be easier, it appeared to him, than to seize the forts, and, supported by the Mávlis, to defy the Mahommedans to touch him. With this purpose in their minds, Shivájí and his lieutenants collected a considerable army of followers and began to lay their plans.

CHAPTER III

FROM THE FALL OF TORNÁ TO THE RELEASE OF SHÁHJÍ

1646–1653

SHIVÁJÍ struck his first blow in 1646. He persuaded, or bribed, the governor of the fort of Torná to throw open the gates of his stronghold, which he occupied with his Mávlis, and at once set to work to repair its defences. Kháfí Khán furnishes us with an admirable account of his sudden rise to power. 'Shivájí became the manager of these two *pargánas* (Poona and Supé) on the part of his father, and looked carefully after them. He was distinguished in his tribe for courage and intelligence; and for craft and trickery he was reckoned a sharp son of the devil, the father of fraud. In that country, where all the hills rise to the sky and the jungles are full of trees and bushes, he had an inaccessible abode. Like the *zamíndárs* of the country, he set about erecting castles on the hills and mud forts, which in the Hinduwi dialect of the Dakhin are called *garhi*.

'Ádil Khán of Bijápur was attacked by sickness, under which he suffered for a long time, and great confusion arose in his territory. At this time Mulla Ahmad went with his followers to wait on the Emperor Sháh Jahán, and Shivájí, seeing his country without a ruler, boldly and wickedly stepped in and

seized it, with the possessions of other *jághírdárs.* This was the beginning of that system of violence which he and his descendants have spread over the rest of the Konkan and all the territory of the Dakhin. Before the *jághírdárs* in those troublous times could appeal to Bijápur, he had sent in his own account of the matter, with presents and offerings, charging the *jághírdárs* or proprietors with some offence which he felt called upon to punish, and offering to pay some advanced amount for the lands on their being attached to his own *jághír*, or to pay their revenues direct to the government. He communicated these matters to the officials at Bijápur, who in those disturbed times took little heed of what any one did. The country of the Dakhin was never free from commotions and outbreaks, and so the officials, the *rayats*, and the soldiery, under the influence of surrounding circumstances, were greedy, stupid, and frivolous; thus they applied the axe to their feet with their own hands, and threw their wealth and property to the winds. The greed of the officials increased, especially in those days when the authority of the rulers was interrupted or their attention diverted. In accordance with the wishes of this disturber, the reins of authority over that country fell into his hands, and he at length became the most notorious of all the rebels. He assembled a large force of Maráthá robbers and plunderers and set about reducing fortresses '[1]

While engaged in the repair of the walls of Torná,

[1] Khafi Khan, *apud* Elliot and Dowson, vii. 256–7.

Shivájí discovered a large treasure-trove. It was popularly supposed, as in the case of his grandfather, that it was revealed to him by the goddess Bhavání herself. With the money thus obtained, he set to work to build another stronghold on the neighbouring peak of Rájgad, three miles from Torná. This bold action aroused even the languid authorities at Bijápur, who wrote to Sháhjí, ordering him to check his son's encroachments. Sháhjí thereupon sent orders to Dádájí Kondev, to keep a tighter hold on Shivájí. But the old minister, sick and on the point of death, had now little influence on his young ward. He expostulated, as in duty bound, but in his heart of hearts he secretly admired his exploits. Just before his death, which occurred in the following year, he is said to have actually blessed Shivájí's undertaking, and to have exhorted him to strike a blow for his country's freedom, and for 'the temples, the Brahmins, and the sacred kine'. Thereupon Shivájí wrote to his father, announcing that he would now take over the Poona estate as his own. He won over the fortress of Sinhagad by bribery. Púrandhar he surprised by a trick. His only rival, Bájí Mohite, whose sister Sháhjí had taken as his second wife, he captured and packed off ignominiously to the Karnátak. Thus, by the end of 1647, he was undisputed master of the Poona district, 'watching and crouching,' as Grant Duff picturesquely observes, 'like the wily tiger of his own mountain-valleys, until he has stolen into a situation from which he could at once spring on his prey.'

Shivájí did not, however, remain long contented with these acquisitions. He began to cast covetous eyes on the Konkan, the fertile low country lying between the Gháts and the sea. This rich land, with its seaports, its rice-fields, and green pastures, offered far more inviting prospects of plunder and wealth than the barren, rocky, rainless Dekhan hills. The northern Konkan, the present collectorates of Thárá, Kolábá, and Ratnágiri, was under the control of a Mahommedan governor named Mulána Ahmad, whose head-quarters was the most important town of Kalyán, at the head of the Bombay creek, a prosperous port, and the chief point of departure for the numerous pilgrim-ships plying between Western India and Mecca. The first blow struck by Shivájí against the Mahommedans was directed against Mulána Ahmad. Spies announced to the Maráthá leader that a load of treasure, probably revenue, was about to be sent from Kalyán to Bijápur, and that it would travel by the great highway from the Konkan to the Dekhan, up the Pár Pass, halting at the town of Wái, which was the seat of a Mahommedan governor, or *mokásadár*, who controlled the important strongholds of Pándavgad, Kamalgad, and other neighbouring forts. Shivájí, however, managed to ambuscade the convoy as it climbed the hills, and captured the treasure, with a loss on his own side of about ten killed and twenty-five wounded, and on that of the enemy of twenty-five killed and some fifty or sixty prisoners. This was the first blood spilt, Shivájí's other captures

having been effected by bribery, compact, or surprise. He liberally rewarded those who had shown gallantry in the face of the enemy, and made ample provision for the families of those who had fallen. This generosity, and the complete success of their enterprise, greatly elated the Mávlis, who saw that the dreaded Mahommedans were, after all, not so formidable. Soon after this, one of Shivájí's officers, Abájí Sondev, attacked Kalyán itself, captured the governor and his family, and took the town. This was a magnificent exploit, and marks the beginning of Shivájí's career as the champion of Hinduism in the Dekhan. Shivájí behaved like the gallant soldier he was to his captives. Abájí sent to him the daughter-in-law of Mulána Ahmad, a young woman of striking grace and beauty. The great Maráthá, on seeing her, merely remarked with a laugh that had his mother been half so beautiful, he himself might have been a little less ugly, and dispatched her, with every sign of respect, to her relations. This chivalrous attitude towards women (who, according to the ethics of the day, were the property of their captor) immensely increased Shivájí's prestige. Mulána Ahmad was also allowed to go free. The capture of Kalyán was the signal for a general uprising. The people were tired of Mahommedan misgovernment, and Shivájí prudently established Dádájí's wise revenue-system in each of his fresh acquisitions. Fort after fort opened its gates, and the Konkan, as far as the borders of Sávant Wadi, was soon in the hands of

the Maráthás. Other strongholds, which refused to surrender, were surprised by a simple stratagem. In the Gháts, the heavy monsoon rains render it necessary, towards the end of the hot weather, to protect all buildings with a heavy coating of thatch, known locally by the name of *shekár* or *chappar*, and late in May long lines of hillmen, bearing on their heads bundles of grass and other thatching material, might be seen slowly ascending the steep paths leading to the fortress-gates. Among these Shivájí more than once intermingled bodies of Mávlis, their weapons concealed in their bundles. By this means they passed the sentries unobserved and gained admission. It was about this time that Shivájí acquired from a Hindu in the Konkan his famous Bhavání sword. He is said to have paid the sum of three hundred *hons*[1] for it. This historic weapon seldom left his side afterwards, and it is said that he regularly worshipped it at the time of the great festival of *Dasara*, when all Hindus do reverence to the implements of their trade. After his death it passed into the hands of the Rájás of Sátára, and it is still in the possession of their descendants, who pay it divine honours. It is a fine Genoese blade, of exquisite temper. The hill of Ráigad, Shivájí's future capital, was probably first occupied at this time.

The gauntlet was now cast down with a vengeance.

[1] The *hon*, or *pagoda*, was worth 3½ rupees. The genuineness of the Bhavání sword at Satára is doubted. Another blade, now in the South Kensington Museum, is also pointed out as the authentic weapon

Mulána Ahmad, disgraced for ever, appeared in tears at the Bijápur *darbár*, clamouring for revenge. Kalyán was lost, and the revenues of the Konkan were almost entirely cut off. But still the Bijápur *Darbár* hesitated. They apparently suspected Shiváji's rising to be instigated by Sháhjí. A despotic government seldom trusts its most successful officers, and Sháhjí's extraordinary success in the Karnátak was by no means popular with them. It was thought that he had incited Shivájí to rebel in order to divert attention from himself, while he tried to set up an independent monarchy in the south. Sháhjí in vain pointed out that it was useless for him to remonstrate with his son, who had long ago passed out of his hands. The Bijápur authorities, afraid to act openly, bribed a Maráthá chief, Bájí Ghorpade of Mudhol, to seize him by treachery. For this base act Sháhjí never forgave Bájí. After his release, though the two were openly reconciled, and even exchanged small portions of their respective estates in token of friendship, Sháhjí wrote to Shivájí privately, '*If you be a true son of mine, punish Bájí Ghorpade.*' This was impossible at the time, but in 1661, Shivájí surprised Mudhol, and after pillaging the town, burnt it and razed it to the ground. This was the solitary instance where anything like a general massacre followed one of Shivájí's raids, and his conduct shows his intense disgust at the cowardly betrayal. For four years Sháhjí languished in the dungeons of Bijápur, in a tiny cell, which the Sultán threatened to build up

altogether, unless Shivájí surrendered. Shivájí was now in desperate straits, and for a time even contemplated laying down his arms. From this he was said to have been dissuaded by his wife. He therefore bethought him of another device. Since the peace of 1637, the Moghals had been little heard of in the Dekhan. Sháh Jahán, like Mahommed Ádil Sháh himself, was a poet and builder rather than a warrior. To him we owe those masterpieces of the architecture of the world, the Táj Mahál, the Jamá Masjíd, and the gemlike mosques of Ágra. These, and the Peacock Throne, occupied the greater portion of the Emperor's time and money. In the Dekhan, in consequence, the Imperial armies had of late done very little, as the Moghals were content with the territories of Ahmadnagar. Shivájí's counterstroke was, therefore, a masterpiece. He entered into correspondence with the Emperor, and offered to go over to his side if the Bijápur authorities molested his father any further. This would have meant handing over all Shivájí's numerous conquests to the Moghals, who would acquire by this means the major part of the Dekhan and a goodly share of the Konkan. What was more, they would be within striking distance of Bijápur itself. Sháh Jahán received his advances in a flattering fashion and offered him a *mansab*[1] of 5,000 horse. It is needless to say that Shivájí had no object beyond playing off Sháh Jahán against the Bijápur

[1] *Mansab* is a command, implying at the same time a certain rank at the Imperial Court.

Government, but the latter was seriously alarmed. Added to this, the Karnátak was in utter disorder. Deprived of its old and trusty ruler, it was in a state of open rebellion, which other generals had tried in vain to subdue. Moreover, Sháhjí had many friends in court, who exerted their influence on his behalf. He was therefore released in 1653.

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE CAPTURE OF JÁVLI TO THE DEATH OF AFZAL KHÁN

1655–1660

SHIVAJÍ, free at last from anxiety with regard to his father, now prepared to strike a fresh blow. Among the few Maráthá noblemen of the central Dekhan who remained independent, was Chandrarào More, Rájá of Jávli.[1] His state was of great strategical importance, for it included a large strip of the Ghát Máhtá, the borderland between the Dekhan and the Konkan. His capital, the village of Jávli, lay on the Pár Pass, the gateway between the highlands and the lowlands.[2] Through it passed the caravans coming from Kalyán and the sea to the inland towns, and it had already been the scene of more than one of Shivájí's adventures. Here he himself had ambushed Mulána Ahmad's convoy, and here in turn Bájí Shamráj, attracted by the bribe offered by the Bijápur Government, had made a feeble attempt to waylay him in 1652. The

[1] He was descended from a Karnatak chief who conquered the Ghat Mahtu for Yusuf Adil Shah in 1500, and was given the territory in *inám*

[2] The old Par Pass is now little used. It was called the Corkscrew Pass on account of its steep gradients. It ran past Bombay Point a little south of Mahábleshwar. The present mainroad runs through the Fitzgerald Ghat, about two miles to the north of the old route The new road was started in 1871 and finished in 1876.

possession of Jávli, or an alliance with its ruler, had thus become a strategical necessity to Shivájí, if he was to be able to pass in safety between the Dekhan and the Konkan. But Chandraráo More remained obdurate. He refused to enter into any alliance, and with his hill-forts, his Mávlis, and his extensive territories, it was impossible to attack him openly with any reasonable prospect of success. To do so would be to drive him into the arms of Bijápur. Shivájí, incensed by the attack made upon him by Bájí Shamráj, to which Chandraráo More must have been privy, decided to get rid of his rival by fair means or foul. The actual details of the plot were arranged by his two officers, Rágho Ballál and Sambhájí Kávjí. They sent a secret message to their leader, who dispatched a body of troops to lie in wait in the jungles round Jávli. When the net had been drawn round the doomed town, the two conspirators, who in the meantime had kept the Rájá engaged by a talk of a pretended marriage-alliance between his daughter and their master, walked up to him in open *darbár*, stabbed him and his brother to the heart, and before people had realized what had happened, rushed out through the crowd, cutting down all who opposed them. At the same moment the Mávlis, emerging from their ambush, rushed into the town and stormed it. The Rájá's troops made a gallant resistance, but they were caught unprepared, and were quickly routed Himat Ráo, the *Diván*, fell fighting bravely at the head of his master's forces, and the two sons of

the Rájá were captured. It is said that they were afterwards executed for plotting with Bijápur, but this story, happily, rests on a very slender foundation. Shivájí, remorseless enough in his actual blows, seldom showed deliberate brutality towards a vanquished enemy. For instance, Bájí Prabhu, the Deshpánde of Jávli, became his most devoted follower.[1] Jávli never recovered from the blow, and is to-day an insignificant roadside hamlet. The various hill-forts of the Ghát Máhtá were immediately stormed, and the whole of the territory of the Mores fell into Shivájí's hands. The Maráthá leader was now at the height of his power. The terror of his name had spread all over the central Dekhan, and there was practically no independent chief who did not acknowledge his sway. The authority of Bijápur, north of Kolhápur, was practically extinct. Even the Sávants of Wadi yielded, and agreed to a treaty by which they consented to pay to Shivájí one half of their revenue, to garrison the forts, and to maintain a body of infantry on his behalf. The only exception was the important port of Janjirá. This port was a flourishing colony of African Mahommedans, who maintained a considerable fleet, and derived their prosperity largely from the pilgrim traffic with Mecca. Their governor was the gallant Fateh Khán, usually called the Sidi on account of his Abyssinian origin. The Sidi *Vazirs* of Janjirá were originally under the governor of Kalyán, but after the

[1] As we shall narrate further on, he died a hero's death in the defile of Rangana

fall of that town had maintained their independence.[1] Fateh Khán beat off an attack by Shamráji Pant with considerable loss. This defeat, breaking as it did the tide of Maráthá victories, was a source of the deepest chagrin to Shiváji, who recalled Shamráji and deprived him of the office of *Peshwá*.[2] Ragonáth Pant was about to renew the attack when news of the departure of Afzal Khán made Shiváji withdraw him.

In order to understand why the Bijápur authorities had so tamely looked on at the ever-increasing power of Shiváji, we must go back a little. In 1650, Aurangzeb, third son of Sháh Jahán, became for a second time Viceroy of the Dekhan. Aurangzeb, a bigoted adherent of the Sunni faith, hated the Shiah heretics of the Dekhan almost as much as he did the Hindus themselves, and his first aim was to add to the Moghal dominions the independent kingdoms of Golconda and Bijápur. This was in direct opposition to the tolerant and peaceful policy of Sháh Jahán, who had, since the peace of 1636, compelled his governors in the Dekhan to devote themselves to the management of the conquered territory of Ahmadnagar, without attempting fresh conquests. In 1655, the year in which Shiváji made his treacherous attack on Jávli, Aurangzeb marched against Golconda, and the city only saved

[1] These Abyssinian Turks came probably to India in 1489, and some of them were employed by Malik Ambar in charge of the Ahmadnagar fleet (*Gazetteer*, I. ii. 34).

[2] Ranade (p. 94) merely says, 'The Siddi's territory was also attacked, *but without any decided result*.' This is a good example of the way in which Ranade avoids anything adverse to Shiváji.

itself from destruction by a humble submission. In the following year Mahommed Ádil Sháh died at Bijápur, and his son, the young Ali Ádil Sháh, a boy of nineteen, found himself totally unable to manage the contending factions which at once broke out. Aurangzeb promptly took advantage of this state of anarchy. Alleging that the new monarch had failed to pay him proper homage, he invaded the territory in force early in 1657. On the way he captured Kalyán and other strongholds, and soon reduced Bijápur to such desperate straits that, undermined as it was by treachery, it must have fallen. Suddenly, however, news arrived from Delhi that the old Emperor was desperately ill, and that Dárá Shikoh, his eldest son, had assumed the regency. Aurangzeb, who hated Dárá, and had determined to secure the throne for himself, at once raised the siege and marched post-haste to the capital, where, in the following year, he deposed his father, and by the cruel murder of his three brothers, finally established himself on the throne.

When Aurangzeb started on his invasion of Bijápur, Shivájí, with his usual astuteness, sent ambassadors to him, acknowledging him as overlord of the Dekhan, and asking to be confirmed in his possessions, which, he said, he had only seized on account of their mismanagement by the Bijápur Government. Each was equally desirous of playing the other off against their common enemy, Bijápur. As soon, however, as the Imperial army was well on its way to the south, Shivájí profited by the withdrawal of the Moghal

troops with a sudden raid, first on Junnar, then on Ahmadnagar. Junnar he captured and plundered, taking three lakhs of treasure; but at Ahmadnagar he was beaten off, not, however, before he had pillaged the bazaar. Most important of all, he carried away nearly a thousand good cavalry mounts. He had long seen that to meet Moghal or other troops in the plains, cavalry were essential, and the small *tats* or ponies of the Dekhan, however suitable for mountain warfare, could not stand for a moment against heavy horse. The raising and training of this new arm was entrusted to Náthájí Pálkar. On hearing, however, of the return of Aurangzeb, he sent a further embassy, asking pardon for what had occurred, and again suggesting that he should hold the Konkan in fief to Delhi rather than allow it to lapse once more to Bijápur. Aurangzeb again returned a gracious answer.

It was now high time, however, for Shivájí to prepare for a blow from another direction. The Bijápur authorities, having recovered from Aurangzeb's raid, determined to put an end at last to the impudent marauder who had driven them out of the Dekhan and the Konkan, robbed them of their tribute, and defied their authority for so many years. It was determined that the matter should be settled once and for all. Early in 1659 a force of all arms was equipped, consisting of five thousand horse, seven hundred infantry, and a detachment of mountain guns and rockets, carried on camel-back. The command of this formidable army was given to a

Pathán officer of the name of Afzal Khán. Afzal Khán knew the Dekhan well, having at one time been in command of the Mahommedan garrison at Wái; he was an experienced soldier, and a man of great personal strength and bravery. All through the rains of 1659 preparations for the equipment of the force were pushed forward with feverish activity.

Meanwhile, Shivájí had not been idle. After the murder of the Rájá of Jávli, it became evident that the Pár Pass must be secured at all costs. At the foot of the Ghát, some four miles from Jávli, an abrupt, flat-topped hill rises sharply to the height of some six hundred feet, completely commanding the highway to the Konkan, which runs round the foot of it. The fortification of this position was entrusted to a young Brahman officer, Moro Trimal Pingle by name. Moro Pingle did his work well. A double line of fortifications surrounds the hill-top in two concentric rings, with bastions at the corners. On a projecting spur, a high tower affords to the picquet on guard a complete view of the pass and the road. On all sides save one, the walls are built upon the edges of abrupt precipices, rendering the favourite Mahommedan device of undermining almost impossible. On the single side where the approach is less steep, the entrance is guarded by two huge gates, the inner one studded by gigantic iron spikes, to prevent its being burst open by elephants. The approach to the outer gate is completely enfiladed for its whole length from the walls. Within, may still be seen the temple of Ambá Bhaváni, the *Kula Devatá*,

PRATÁPGAD FORT

(*Face Page 48*)

or patron saint of Shivájí's family,[1] and the flagstaff from which flew the *Bhagvá jhendá* the Maráthá standard. The scene from the ramparts is romantic in the extreme. On the western side, the ground drops sheer away for thousands of feet to the Sávitrí valley, and as far as the eye can see, stretch the fertile fields of the Konkan. A silver streak, scarcely visible on the horizon, marks the position of the Indian Ocean, forty miles away. To the north, the stately peaks of Rájgad and Torná, Shivájí's fortresses in the Bhor State, loom majestically through the mist, while to the east stretches the great forest-clad wall of the Sayhádri Mountains, crowned by the temples of Mahábleshwar, the home of the 'great strong god'.[2] At the foot of the hill, the road to the pass winds through the jungle. The fortress was appropriately named Pratáp Gad, the Valiant Fort, and even in modern days it would be difficult to capture it, in the face of determined opposition, without artillery. In strength it is scarcely inferior to Shivájí's capital at Ráigad, 'the Gibraltar of the East,' and in strategic importance it even excels it. It was finished in 1656.

By the middle of September 1659, Afzal Khán's force was ready to move. The rainy season was not

[1] But this was only added in 1661, when Shivájí was unable to go to Tuljápúr for the *utsava*, or celebration of Ambábai's feast, which was held yearly at *Dawum* by the Bhosle family.

[2] Mahábal and Atibal were giants killed by Vishnu. In such legends we have good examples of the process of supersession of the old aboriginal creed by the Aryan religion. The temples there were started by the Mores, though added to by later benefactors since.

yet over, and it was likely that the roads through the Konkan and the Gháts would be still impassable. Afzal Khán, however, was impatient to be off. He therefore determined to proceed through the Dekhan, where the rainfall is insignificant, and military operations practicable all the year round. Before he started, Afzal Khán, with ill-omened levity, boasted in open *darbár* that he would quickly bring the 'Mountain Rat,' and cast him in chains before the throne of the Sultán. Worse than this, as he passed through Pandhárpur and Tuljápur, he defiled the temples of Vithobá and Ambá Bhavání, breaking the idols and sprinkling the altars with the blood of cows. Henceforth, little mercy could he expect at the hands of any Maráthá. 'The Angel of Doom,' says Kháfí Khán, 'led him by the collar to his fate.' Shiváji's scouts brought him warning of the arrival of the Mahommedan army at Pandhárpur, and the Maráthá forces were at once recalled from the siege of Janjirá and other operations in the Konkan, and concentrated at Pratáp Gad. The Bijápur army had in the meantime moved to Wái, and halted there. Afzal Khán now found his task less easy than he had at first supposed. He had to march through a densely wooded and mountainous country, to the siege of an almost impregnable fortress. The rains were not yet over; the mists hung heavily on the jungle, and even if he blockaded the stronghold, he would be subject to constant attacks from a daring and almost invisible foe. Shiváji was aware of all this, and he conceived

a plan which, for treachery and daring, is almost unparalleled in history. He, in his turn, was unwilling to face the risks of a long blockade, which would mean the loss of his *prestige*, and probably of his newly acquired territories. Nor was he in a position to meet his foe in the open field. He therefore sent emissaries to treat for peace. Afzal Khán received these gladly. He had no quarrel, he said, with the son of his old comrade in arms.[1] It was agreed that negotiations should be formally opened, and that, if they proved successful, Shivájí should be confirmed in his *jághír* as a feudatory of Bijápur, and after receiving a suitable *khillat*, be dismissed with all honour.

The next day, formal negotiations were opened. Gopináthpant,[2] a Brahman in the employ of Bijápur, was sent with other envoys to Shivájí's camp. The embassy was hospitably received, and tents were pitched for them at the foot of the pass. But the Brahman's tent was placed at some distance from those of his fellows, and in the middle of the night Shivájí himself crept stealthily into it. He implored Gopináthpant, as a Brahman and a Hindu, to be true to his country and his gods, and to help him to punish the defiler of temples and the slayer of kine. He was

[1] Neither, however, could have forgotten that Afzal Khán probably had a hand in the death of Sambhají at Kanakgiri (1653). See the Ballad of Afzal Khan in Acworth's *Ballads of the Maráthás* (Longmans, 1894, p. 8, line 208):

> 'The blood of Sambhají doth cry,
> His wrongs are unredressed.'

[2] The ballads, however, say it was Krishnájí Bháskar.

fighting, Shivájí went on, for Hinduism and for India, at the behest of Bhavání herself, and he added a promise of a handsome *inam* in return for Gopináthpant's help. No Brahman could resist an appeal couched in these terms, and Gopináthpant yielded. On his return to Wái, he represented to Afzal Khán that Shivájí was in a state of great terror, but that if a personal interview could be arranged, the Mahommedan general might easily quell his suspicions and arrange an amicable settlement. The crafty Brahman had gauged accurately enough his master's reckless nature. Afzal Khán readily consented, and preparations for the interview were pushed on apace. Moro Trimal Pingle, the young engineer who had planned the fort of Pratáp Gad so ably, was ordered to hide with a large force of veteran Mávlis, in the jungles round Jávli. Náthájí Pálkar and the cavalry were similarly concealed at the foot of the fort. Halfway up, on a projecting spur, a space was cleared in the thickets, forming a narrow open plateau. At this spot the interview was to take place. A path was cut, leading to the spot, but none leading from it. It was a cul-de-sac.

The fatal morning arrived.[1] Afzal Khán walked straight into the trap. On the previous day he had moved with his force from Wái to Jávli, and in the morning, attended by fifteen hundred troopers, he rode on to the foot of the hill. Here he dismounted, and

[1] I have chiefly followed Kháfí Khán (*apud* Elliot and Dowson, *History of India*, vol vii) in the account which follows. The *bakhars* all give slightly different versions. I have borrowed from all of them in my reconstruction of the scene.

telling the escort to await him, jumped into a *pálki*, and accompanied by a single officer and four or five attendants, proceeded to the rendezvous. Meanwhile, Shivájí had made every possible preparation for the crowning event of his life. Now, for the first time, he was to test the result of twelve years of preparation. Before him stood the detested foe of his race and creed; if he fell, Hinduism would perish in the Dekhan. He spent the night in prayer before Bhavání's shrine. In the morning, he performed with scrupulous care the ceremonial ablutions enjoined upon the Hindu by his religion. He dressed in the long white Indian robe, but beneath it he donned a shirt of fine mail. In his belt was the *bichvá*,[1] or scorpion dagger, a favourite Maráthá weapon, and the good Bhavání sword. Concealed in the palm of his left hand lay the terrible *vágh-nakha*, or tiger's claws, long steel hooks fitting to the fingers, used among the hillmen for purpose of assassination. He commended his children to his friends if he fell, and then, kneeling at the feet of his mother, he asked her blessing and bade her farewell. Then, accompanied only by his old and tried comrade Tánájí Málusre, he descended slowly from the gateway of the castle. Above the plateau stands a bold projecting shoulder of the cliff, crowned by a bastion. Here a sentry had been posted. 'When you see me strike,' Shivájí ordered him, 'Don't think of me; sound the charge, whether I stand or fall.' The signal was

[1] Dowson mixes this up with the *vágh nakha*, not mentioned by Kháfí Khán.

to be passed on to Moro Trimal by firing five guns at the same moment. Shivájí then descended, hesitatingly, and in apparent fear, and threw himself weeping at the Mahommedan's feet. Afzal Khán stooped to raise him up, when suddenly the Maráthá chief, making as if to embrace him, struck him fiercely in the stomach with the tiger's claws. Afzal Khán, desperately wounded, staggered back, and drew his sword, but the edge was turned by Shivájí's coat of mail. His officer[1] was offered quarter if he would surrender, but to his everlasting fame, he refused the generous proffer, and drawing his weapon, endeavoured to beat off his assailants, while his dying master was hurried into the litter by his attendants, who made a desperate effort to carry him off But he was quickly cut down; the Khán was dispatched and his head carried off to the fort.

In the meantime, the sentry on the tower had given the signal. With wild cries, the Maráthás rushed out of the jungle and charged on all sides into the midst of the luckless Mahommedans. 'Horse and foot,' says Kháfí Khán, 'they fell upon the army of Afzal Khán, killing, plundering, and destroying.' The surprise was complete. Of the cavalry forming the Khán's escort, few or none escaped. Caught by the ruthless Náthájí Pálkar in the cul-de-sac arranged for them, the unfortunate troopers, who had mostly off-saddled and loosened their girths, fell almost to a man. The main body, camped near Jávli, was routed equally suddenly

[1] Sayad Bandu, says Grant Duff.

by Moro Trimal, and broke in wild confusion. The Khán's army,' says an old Maráthá account, 'which consisted of 2,000 regulars and 10,000 followers, having learnt that his head was taken to the fort, were disheartened and a panic fell upon them. At the same time, the king's forces hemmed them in, and a panic fell upon them. The grandees who accompanied the Khán's forces, warriors fully armed, Mahádin and Usden Pathán, Rohillas, Arabs, Sarnis, Sar Viziers, Fargis, Maráthás of noble birth, Dhangars, Brahmans, men in charge of artillery bullocks, Karnátak marksmen, archers, arm-bearers and gunners, all fought desperately and without distinction. The Mávlis fought hand to hand on foot. Some of the elephants lost their tails, tusks, and trunks. Others lay dead on the field. Horses were killed by a single blow. The ground was strewn with bodies. Pools of blood lay everywhere. Clotted blood and fragments of flesh were trampled like mire under the feet of the combatants.'[1] Moro Trimal had strict orders to spare all who surrendered, but many fled into the pathless Dekhan jungles, to die of starvation, or fall over precipices, or to be devoured by the wolves and panthers. For days starving men wandered in and gave themselves up.

That day the Dekhan vultures gorged their fill. Seldom has a large force been so completely and dramatically destroyed with so little loss to the attacking party. In the Maráthá camp, songs, feast-

[1] Mánkar, p. 17, § 12, *q. v.*

ing, and rejoicing resounded all night. Silver and golden necklaces, robes of honour, and presents of money were given to those who had distinguished themselves in the fight or had received wounds, and to the relatives of the fallen. The spoil was immense. Four thousand good horses were captured, and afforded invaluable remounts for the new cavalry brigade. Camels, elephants, rockets, and mountain guns were also taken, together with a large amount of specie destined for the payment of the Mahommedan troops. The unfortunate Khán's head was buried, according to an old Maráthá custom,[1] under a tower of the fort, still called Abdulla's Tower. His body was interred where it fell, and the tomb is still shown. His sword was kept, for many years after, in the treasury of Shivájí's descendants, the Rájás of Sátára. The gilt cone which adorned the top of his luxurious tent was presented to one of the temples of Mahábleshwar, and to-day it still forms the apex of the building. His family escaped, owing to the connivence of a Maráthá officer, who was promptly tried by court-martial and executed. Among the most distinguished of the prisoners taken was Jhunjhárrao Ghátge of Malavdi, a Maráthá chieftain who had been for many years in the service of Bijápur. As he refused all offers to join his foe, Shivájí, like the true soldier that he was, dismissed him with a handsome present. Wái quickly capitulated, together with

[1] Cf. Livy's story about the *Capitol* at Rome. (I. 55. 6.) A man was often buried under a bridge or tower as a sacrifice to secure its safety in old India, and this was apparently the custom in many primitive nations.

Kamalgad and the other forts under its charge,[1] and the power of Bijápur in the central Dekhan was broken for ever.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

There are many accounts of the death of Afzal Khán, but none more picturesque than that of Fryer, who was in India at the time. Fryer, who no doubt got his information from some one on the spot, writes as follows:

'At the day prefixed therefore he takes with him his son and a selected number, which he credited would not be out-equalled by *Seva Gi*, upon his former protestations and hopes of reconcilement; but the perfidious man had placed an ambuscado, and with a smaller shew in appearance than *Abdul* brought, waits his coming, who as soon as he spies him afar off, went forth to meet him, and prostrates himself before him with feigned tears, craving pardon for his offence, and would not rise till he had assured him of his being his advocate to procure it; going to enter the *choultry* together, he cries out, like a fearful man, that his Lord (so he styled the General,) might execute his pleasure on him and ease him of his life; which *Abdul Cann* surmising was because he was armed and the other came seemingly unarmed, delivered his sword and poynard to the page, and bad him enter with courage; where after some parley he slips a stiletto from under his coat-sleeve, and after eying his blow, struck it at his heart, whereat the signal was given, and his men came forth, in which struggle *Abdul's* son gave *Sevu Gi* a wound, but was forced to change habit with a *Trass* immediately, and venturing thro' untrodden paths hardly escaped to the Camp, who thereupon were so discomfited, that they quickly dispersed themselves, and left the field open to *Seva Gi*.' (*New Account*, p. 172.)

[1] Pándavgad, four miles from Wái, is said to have held out till 1673. This, however, seems improbable, as it must have been quite isolated. Sátárá (the old Bijápur state-prison) is also said to have held out till about the same date.

CHAPTER V

THE BIJÁPUR CAMPAIGN, 1659-1662

SHIVÁJÍ, however, was not content with merely defeating Afzal Khán. He determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and to give them a lesson they would not quickly forget. His recent successes had shown him that he had now organized a force which, on its own ground, was more than a match for any army likely to be sent against it, and he knew that if he merely remained inactive in the Dekhan, another and perhaps stronger expedition would be sent against him. If, on the other hand, he marched straight upon Bijápur, while the city was still panic-stricken at the disaster which had overtaken their last army, he might easily force them to conclude a treaty which would confirm him in his late conquests. Shivájí laid his plans with great speed and secrecy. A force was left to guard the Poona district. Another was detached to mask any flanking movement from the Konkan on the part of the Sidi of Janjirá and the Sávants of Wadi, who had, on the approach of Afzal Khán, thrown off their allegiance to the Maráthás. With a third, Shivájí marched southwards himself. He reached the Kolhárpur district, and, either by treachery or strategy seized the great fortress of Panálá, the key to the southern Maráthá country. The other strongholds

of the district, Vishálgad, Rángané, and Pávangad, were also taken. The surrounding country was in the *jághír* of Rustum Zamán of Miraj, who is suspected by some of having been corrupted by Shivájí. At any rate, it was not until too late that he attempted to oppose the advance of the Maráthás, and then his small force of 3,000 cavalry was routed and driven in headlong confusion across the Krishná. The Maráthás followed up their success by advancing up to the gates of Bijápur itself, plundering as they went, in the fashion so dear to their hearts, and retreating with their booty before the Bijápur cavalry could overtake them. The Bijápur government, however, had now recovered from the confusion and panic into which the sudden Maráthá raid had at first thrown them. A large army, under a distinguished Abyssinian general, Sidi Johár by name, took the field, and Shivájí, unable to meet it, fell back on Panálá, leaving Náthájí Pálkar and his horsemen in the open country to harass the enemy. But for once Shivájí had committed a strategical error. He should obviously have retreated northwards with his booty, and have waited until he reached the Dekhan hills to engage his foe. The Bijápuris were excited to a pitch of exasperation, and with them was Fazl Mahommed Khán, son of Afzal Khán, burning to avenge his father's cruel murder. Panálá was closely invested; Náthájí Pálkar, after some initial successes, was driven back by Sidi Johár, and in the Konkan the Maráthá troops had more than enough to do to hold their own, and could render their

leader no assistance. After being besieged for the whole of the rainy season, 1660, Shivájí saw that he must either surrender or resort once again to treachery. He therefore began to make terms with the Bijápur commander, and an agreement was come to, by which the fort was to be surrendered, after the adjustment of a few minor differences, on the next day. That night the besieging troops, considering the position as practically taken, considerably relaxed their vigilance. One can easily depict their chagrin on the following morning, when they discovered that the bird had flown! Profiting by their slackness, Shivájí, with a few followers, had, under cover of rain and darkness, stolen through their outpost-lines, and was riding for his life to the north. Furious at the deception, Fazl Mahommed Khán and his cavalry started in hot pursuit. They caught up the Maráthás some six miles from Ránganá. This fort was held by a Maráthá garrison, and once Shivájí arrived within its walls, he was safe for the time being. At this point, however, the road runs through one of those narrow *ghâts*, or passes, so common in the Dekhan. To hold the gap, he detached a rear-guard of a thousand Mávlis under Bájí Prabhu, his former foe and now his devoted officer, with strict orders not to retreat until a gun should be fired to announce the arrival of the main force at Ránganá. The Bijápur cavalry were twice repelled with loss; at last, shortly before noon, a fresh body of infantry came up. These, led by Fazl Mahommed Khán, at once made a furious assault on the position.

Men were dropping fast; Bájí Prabhu was himself desperately wounded, but still the Maráthás hung on behind the rough barricade of stones which they had managed to throw up. At last, when half their numbers had fallen, the long-expected gun was heard from the fort, and the dying commander gave the order to retreat, expiring with a sigh of satisfaction at having accomplished his task. The scanty remnant of the heroic little force fell back in good order, carrying with them the body of their gallant leader. The action at the Rángana Ghát has been compared, and not without justice, to the battle of Thermopylae.

After this, the campaign died out in an ineffectual fashion. Sidi Johár could not, apparently, make up his mind whether to pursue Shivájí into the Dekhan, or to resume the siege of Panálá. He apparently decided upon the latter course, leaving Fateh Khán to engage the Maráthás before Rángana. Shivájí retired to Pratáp Gad, where he spent the rains of 1661, building there the temple of Bhavání, as he was unable to proceed to Tuljápúr for the Dasara festival. The Mahommedans succeeded in recapturing some of the forts they had lost in the Kolhápur district; Shivájí, on the other hand, gained several successes in the Konkan against Janjirá and Sávantvadi. A combined movement on the part of the troops of Bijápúr, Sávantvadi, and Ghorpade of Mudhol, was then decided upon. Shivájí was at Vishálgad when the news of this fresh combination reached him. He had not forgotten his father's message of thirteen

years before, 'If you be a true son of mine, remember Bájí Ghorpade of Mudhol.' Creeping down with his Mávlis, he rushed Mudhol at dawn, sparing neither man, woman, nor child, and firing the town after him. He retreated to Vishálgad before he could be overtaken. In the meantime, the unhappy state of Bijápur was, as usual, distracted by factions. The King suspected Sidi Johár because he had failed to defeat the Maráthás; the Sidi, in high dudgeon, retired to his estate, where he soon afterwards rebelled and was killed by his own followers. At the same time the Karnátak, an old storm-centre, began to give trouble. Meanwhile, Shivájí had conquered Sávantvadi again, made an alliance with the Portuguese at Goa, and had formed the nucleus of a fleet with which to patrol the coast and plunder the trading vessels making for Janjirá and the other ports of Bijápur. The Bijápur authorities therefore determined to come to terms. The details of the treaty are obscure, but it appears that Shivájí was acknowledged as the ruler of the Dekhan as far south as Kolhápur, and of the Konkan as far as Goa,—a strip of territory some hundred and fifty miles in length and from fifty to a hundred miles broad. It has been thought that the treaty was negotiated by the good offices of Sháhjí. At any rate, we know that about this time the old warrior visited his now famous son, whom he had last seen as a mere boy, when he departed, nearly a quarter of a century before, for the Karnátak. Shivájí received his father with the most profound signs of respect.

He went many miles to meet him, walked beside his carriage, and would not even sit in his presence. Father and son spent some weeks in feasting together, after which Sháhjí returned, loaded with presents for the king of Bijápur. They never met again, as three years later Sháhjí was killed in the hunting-field. It was about this time that Shivájí, recognizing the importance of his kingdom in the Konkan, decided to make the fort of Ráigad his capital. Ráigad was, for many reasons, more convenient than Rájgad, which had been his favourite place of residence for some years past. In the first place, Rájgad, with its narrow summit, is too small to contain a capital of the size which Shivájí now contemplated. Again, Ráigad, besides being in the centre of the Konkan, was conveniently close to Janjirá and to Surat, against both of which places Shivájí made constant raids. It was to Ráigad to which his troopers returned after their expeditions to Surat, Ahmadnagar, and other places, loaded with plunder.[1] The building of the capital went on for some years, though the main defences were complete by 1664. Kháfí Khán[2] tells an interesting story of how Shivájí tested the strength of the walls. When his architects announced the defences as complete and the fort impregnable, he offered a purse of gold and

[1] Waring (*Maráthás*, p. 215) says his treasury consisted of over nine crores of rupees, including coins of all nations—Venetian sequins, Spanish dollars, Moghal mohurs—and vast stores of gold ingots, pearls, diamonds, and jewels of all kinds, silks and cloths, an immense armoury, and ample stores for a siege.

[2] Elliot and Dowson, vii 288.

a bracelet to any one who, without rope or ladder, should scale the rock and plant a flag on the summit. A certain hillman found a pathway up and won the reward; whereupon Shivájí presented it to him and closed the path with a bastion. Another path is said to have been discovered by a milk-woman, who was unable to leave the gates after sunset, and so scrambled down the precipice. It is described by Fryer,[1] from the accounts of Henry Oxenden, who visited it in 1673, as follows:

'It is fortified by Nature rather than Art, there being one avenue to it, which is guarded by two narrow gates, and fortified by a strong wall exceeding high, and bastions thereto; all other part of the mountain is a direct precipice, so that it is impregnable except some betray it. On the mountain are many strong buildings, as the *Rajah's* court, and the houses of other Ministers, to the number of about 300.'

The remains of this great fortress, appropriately called the 'Gibraltar of the East', may still be seen by the traveller. Though much damaged by the bombardment of 1817, and by previous neglect, enough remains to convey an ample impression of its former glories. There still stand, enclosed by stupendous walls, frowning bastions, and vast iron-studded doors, the remnants of 'palaces, mansions, offices, a mint, granaries, magazines, quarters for a garrison of 2,000 men, a market nearly a mile in length, and a number of rock-cut and masonry cisterns'. A mound

[1] p 79 See also *Bombay Gazetteer*, xi. 357.

marks the place where Shivájí was crowned, and to this day all men approach the holy spot barefoot, and neither Mhár nor Máng[1] dares set foot within its precincts. A stone plinth covers the spot where the hero was cremated, and a temple has been erected over his tomb.

[1] These are the lowest castes among the Maráthás, the descendants, no doubt, of pre-Aryan tribes.

CHAPTER VI

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOGHALS

1662–1666

IN 1662,[1] Shivájí was master of the Dekhan and at peace with Bijápur. Why he was not content to remain as he was, is hard to determine. His ambitions were, apparently, realized. He was recognized by his neighbours as an independent prince. Why he should wantonly provoke the dreaded power of the Great Moghal it is difficult to say; we can only suppose that either he was unable to restrain those born plunderers, the Maráthás, for a long period, from satiating their love of pillage, or else that he himself was so hard up for money and horses that he was constrained to ravage Moghal territory, hoping that, as Prince Muazzam, the Viceroy of the northern Dekhan, was a mere boy, and Aurangzeb was occupied in his own affairs at Delhi, he might do so with impunity. At any rate, during the cold season of 1662 Náthájí Pálkar and his cavalry pillaged the country up to the very walls of Aurangábád, spreading terror wherever they rode, and bringing vast quantities of plunder back to Rájgad. The forces on the spot were plainly unequal

[1] The dates are wrong in Kháfi Khán, who gives this as 1070 (A.D. 1660).

to the task of coping with the situation, and Aurangzeb, unable to endure this defiance of his authority, determined to put an end to it. He therefore sent his uncle, Sháyista Khán, with the title of *Amír-ul-umará* and Súbadár of the Dekhan, to punish Shiváji, and make an end of the whole business. The force left Aurangábád early in 1663, and marched towards Poona.[1] Hardly had it left the city gates, however, than the Maráthá horsemen began to hang on its flanks, plundering the baggage and cutting off stragglers. 'Every day, and on every march,' says Kháfí Khán, 'Shiváji's Dakhinís swarmed round the baggage, and falling suddenly upon it like Cossacks, carried off horses, camels, men, and whatever they could secure, until they became aware of the approach of the troops.' Harassed and weary, the Imperial forces reached Poona, which they occupied, meaning to rest there till the rains were over and campaigning could be resumed. Shiváji retired to the impregnable fortress of Sinhagad, which towers high above the town, to watch the further movements of his opponent. Meanwhile, an event occurred which considerably damped the ardour of the Mussalmans. A strong detachment had been sent to reduce the small fort of Chákan, between Poona and Junnar. The place was of little importance, and Sháyista Khán was chagrined when it held out for nearly three months. The besiegers, hampered by the rain, were

[1] Mánkar's MS gives the details of the force as 100,000 cavalry, a regiment of Rohilla Pathans, and archers artillery, elephants, and baggage.

attacked at night by the Maráthás and driven out of their trenches. Even when a bastion was undermined and blown up, they were unable to rush the defences. The town finally surrendered at discretion, and the brave little garrison marched out with the honours of war, after having put nearly a thousand of their opponents *hors de combat.* It was an ill omen for the reduction of the other strongholds which overlooked the country in every direction. But worse was to come. Sháyista Khán had taken the greatest precautions to prevent a surprise while he occupied Poona. The Kátraj Pass was held by a strong picquet, and no one was allowed to enter the town without a permit. But Shivájí discovered that it was possible to evade the regulations, and he himself did so, if tradition may be believed, on at least one occasion, when he risked his life by passing the sentries and entering the town to attend a *kirtan*, or recital of sacred songs, by his beloved poet Tukárám. Meanwhile, Sháyista Khán had challenged him, in the vaunting style which the Mahommedan nobles loved to assume, to come down to the plains and fight like a man. 'You hide away in the hills,' he taunted him, 'like a monkey.' 'Yes,' replied Shivájí, 'But remember, it was the monkeys which destroyed Rávana and all his host!'[1] Shivájí was as good as his word. Sháyista Khán was occupying the Lál Mahál, or Red Palace,[2] the old home where Shivájí had spent his boyhood under Dádájí

[1] Frissel's MS.
[2] Called also the Rang Mahál or Painted Palace.

Kondev. He knew every inch of it. One day, a party of Maráthás applied to the *kotwal* for a pass for a Hindu wedding procession to enter the town, and received the required permission. Soon after, a party of troopers appeared, driving before them some Maráthá prisoners, pinioned and bareheaded, whom they, apparently, reviled and beat with vigour. They, too, were allowed to pass unchallenged by the sentry. The two parties consisted in reality of Shivájí, Tánájí Malusre, and a picked body of Mávlis. That night, the rain fell in torrents. 'It was as dark as his own heart,' says the old account,[1] when Shivájí and a few of his followers, having bribed a gardener, entered the palace garden. The Khán had retired to sleep, and all was still. The intruders crept silently to the kitchen, stabbed the cooks and other servants before they could utter a sound, and proceeded to dig a hole through the wall into the Khán's bedroom.[2] They were shown the way by a maid, whom they seized and threatened with their swords. The wall burst through, and the Maráthás rushed exultingly into the house, cutting down all whom they met, and crying, 'This is the way they keep watch!' Some were killed in their beds. The Khán's son made a brave stand, and slew three men before he was dispatched. Two women were attacked in the dark, by mistake, and one was so cut to pieces that her remains

[1] Frissel's MS. But is this a correct translation? See the note in the Introduction.

[2] Walls in India are often of mud, and this is a common trick on the part of burglars.

had to be collected in a basket![1] The Khán himself shot down one of his pursuers, and then leapt out of the window, but, as he did so, a Maráthá slashed at his hand on the window-sill, and cut off three of his fingers. The marauders vanished as quickly as they had come; it is said that Shiváji himself cut off the trunk of an elephant which barred his path. Worse than this, a party of Mahommedan cavalry which reconnoitred out towards Sinhagad at dawn, in hopes of intercepting the attackers, ventured too near the fortress, and coming suddenly under the fire of a concealed battery, was routed with loss. Wild was the joy of the Maráthás when their leader returned safe and sound to his stronghold, and before the mortified Mussalmans were well aware, in the darkness and confusion, of what had happened, the victors might be perceived ascending the hill, waving their torches in triumph. Sháyista Khán, broken-hearted, asked for his recall, and the command devolved on Prince Muazzam, with Rájá Jái Singh, the greatest of the Rájput feudatories, to help him. At first Shiváji was as successful as ever. 'He assaulted the foe on dark nights, seized difficult passes, and fired jungles full of trees.' He struck coins, defying the Moghal supremacy. His navy seized the ports on the Gújarát coast, and to the rage of the orthodox Emperor, cut off the pilgrim-ships bound for Mecca, and held rich pilgrims up to ransom.

[1] So Khafi Khan. Mankar's MS says this happened because the Khán, knowing Shiváji's gallantry, took refuge among his women!

He plundered Ahmadnagar. Early in January, 1664, he swooped down upon Surat. 'He seemed to be everywhere and prepared for every emergency,' writes one of the Factors. The inhabitants fled in terror, and the Governor shut himself up in the citadel, where he was protected by naval guns from the ship Middlebrough, wrecked some time previously on the coast. Meanwhile, the Maráthás plundered the town at their leisure. The booty was stupendous. 'Shivájí took from Surat', says Kháfí Khán, 'an immense booty, in gold and silver, coined and uncoined, and the stuffs of Kashmir, Ahmedábád, and other places. He made prisoners some thousand Hindu men and women of name and station, and Mussalmans of honourable position. Millions in money and goods came into the hands of that evil infidel.' But the English and Dutch managed, under the leadership of Sir George Oxenden, to drive the intruders away after a fierce struggle. For this Aurangzeb sent the President a robe of honour, and granted the English settlement certain privileges and exemptions. The Company, too, struck a gold medal in honour of the occasion, and liberally rewarded the defenders. Shivájí then sailed down the Konkan, and ravaged the coast towns on the plea that the Bijápur Government had broken the truce. The English Factory at Kárwár was attacked and forced to pay an indemnity of one hundred and twelve pounds. The country was like a desert. But gradually the Moghals prevailed. Púrandhar fell, after sustaining a heroic siege. Shivájí's own family was blockaded

at Rájgad, and for once in his life, he found himself face to face with a capable commander. He therefore determined to surrender.[1] Rájá Jái Singh, though he took every precaution against treachery, received him warmly. Out of the thirty-five forts in the Deccan, the keys of twenty-three were to be given up, and Shivájí was to assume the position of a *jághírdár* of the Moghal Emperor. Thus disastrously ended Shivájí's first campaign against the Moghals.

Rájá Jái Singh then went off on an expedition against Bijápur. It is probable that Aurangzeb, who hated all Hindus, and suspected the Rájá for his former adherence to the ill-fated Dárá, sent him on this expedition in order to keep the Rájputs occupied and out of the way. At any rate, he did not mean them to succeed, for they were recalled just as Bijápur was at its last gasp, and their exertions and losses were thus rendered useless. Shivájí, nothing loath to strike a blow at his old rivals, accompanied his new-found allies, and rendered invaluable service by scaling forts and harassing the foe. At the end of the campaign, on the advice of the Rájá, Shivájí determined to go to Delhi,[2] to interview the Emperor and try to obtain better terms. The design, however, was doomed to failure. He was received coldly by the Emperor, to whom he refused to pay the profound obeisance demanded by Persian etiquette. He was, to his disgust, only placed

[1] The Maráthá MSS. say he rode in from Jávli and surrendered. Khafí Khán says he was besieged at Rájgad, and surrendered with the fall of the fortress.

[2] Kháfí Khán says Agra, but this point is much disputed.

among the *Panj-hazárís*, or commanders of 5,000, and expressed his disapproval so loudly that it came to Aurangzeb's ears, and he was forbidden to attend the Imperial levée. Guards were stationed at his house, and he found himself a prisoner. Shivájí then petitioned to be allowed to return, as the climate was injurious to his followers. He was told that he might dismiss his retinue, but that he and his son must await the Emperor's pleasure. The situation was becoming serious. At any moment he might be seized and packed off to the dungeons of Gwálior, so he determined to escape. He was, no doubt, aided by Rám Singh, son of Jái Singh, for the latter had given his pledge for Shivájí's safety, and a Rájput never breaks his word. He clearly thought Shivájí's life no longer safe. The escape was effected as follows. Shivájí had been in the habit of sending huge baskets of sweetmeats to various nobles, and to be distributed to mendicants and beggars at the mosques. For several days he feigned fever and kept his bed. One day the attendant saw him apparently asleep as usual, covered with a blanket, with the *toorá*, or chaplet of pearls, plainly visible. But it was in reality Hirájí Pharjand, a faithful follower who had consented to take his place.[1] Shivájí and his son Shambájí had been smuggled out in sweetmeat baskets, and were riding for their lives for Mathurá. Here he was met by the faithful Tánájí, and shaving off his beard and whiskers, and smearing his face with ashes, he was quickly lost

[1] Frissel's MS.

among the vast crowd of devotees who haunt that holy spot. He then set off, travelling by night, to Allahábád, where Shambájí broke down, and was left in charge of a friendly Brahman.[1] From Allahábád he went to Benáres, carrying gold and jewels, it is said, to pay his way, in a hollow walking-stick. Thence he made his way to the Dekhan. An amusing story is told of an episode of the journey. The supposed devotee and a single companion were staying for the night in the house of a Patel in a village on the banks of the Godáverí. The Maráthá horse had been plundering there the day before, and the Patel's wife, abusing Shivájí roundly, declared that she wished to God he would die in prison at Delhi. Shivájí smiled, and made a note of the name of the place.[2]

One day, as Jijábái was sitting anxiously in her apartments at Ráigad, a *bairágí* came and craved admittance. The princess received him, and he fell at her feet, saying he had an errand for her. When she asked him his business, he suddenly stripped off his disguise and stood before her. It was Shivájí.[3]

[1] Kháfí Khán says this was no other than Kabkalas or Kalusha, afterwards the notorious favourite and minister of Shambaji, who thus rewarded his protector.

[2] Frissel's MS.

[3] December 1666.

APPENDIX

THE SIEGE OF SURAT

The following is Mánkar's account of this famous raid:

'In the meantime, Bahírjí, a messenger from Surat, arrived and said to the king, "If Surat be taken, immense wealth will be found." . . . They went through Kolvan and by forced marches appeared suddenly near the walls of Surat. The people of Surat were taken unawares. The forces entered the long street of shops near the gate of Surat. The army of the Moghal then approached. A bloody battle ensued. The king's (i.e. Shivájí's) forces then laid siege to merchants' houses and took from them gold, silver, pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones and jewels, and gold coins such as Hons and Mohurs, and put them into their bags. They did not touch cloth, copper utensils, and other insignificant articles. The best horses that were found in the battle and in the merchants' houses were taken. One half of their number was reserved for warlike purposes, the other half being loaded with bags containing the booty. The infantry was provided with long bags to hold such booty. Thus prepared they started. The fort of Surat was not taken, as there was no time left to do it. They were therefore content with having pillaged the town. . . . After his return, the booty from Surat was counted, and it was found that five crores of Hons and 4,000 horses were got in the bargain.' (§§ 54, 55.)

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE ESCAPE FROM DELHI TO THE DEATH OF SHIVÁJÍ

1666-1680

In an incredibly short time the news of Shivájí's escape spread all over the Dekhan, and great were the rejoicings among the Maráthás at the return of their beloved leader. He returned, however, to a greatly diminished heritage. His Dekhan possessions were reduced to the Poona, Supa, and Chákan districts, and even these were kept in subjection by Moghal garrisons at Sinhagad and Púrandhar. In the Konkan, Ráigad and the Kalayán district remained in the hands of the Maráthás, and Moro Pingle, who had been left in charge as regent when Shivájí went to Delhi, had managed to reoccupy quite a number of the ceded forts there. Many of these had merely been dismantled by Jái Singh, as he had not sufficient men to occupy them, others, for the same reason, were so weakly held that they could be easily retaken when the time came. For the next three years, however, Shivájí struck no blow. With the exception of the annual raid, unsuccessful as usual, on Janjirá, he devoted his time from 1667 to 1669, to civil and political reforms. It was not until 1670 that he felt himself ready to take the field again. He rightly

judged that Aurangzeb, jealous of Prince Muazzam and suspicious of Jái Singh, would send no reinforcements if he could help it. The first thing to be done was to recapture the hill-forts, and of these Sinhagad, commanding as it did the Poona district, was the most important. It is said that Queen Jijábái herself urged Shivájí to this measure, looking upon the presence of the Mahommedans there as a disgrace to her countrymen.[1] The undertaking was no light one. The great stronghold lies on the summit of a flat-topped rock, which rises above the hill-top with sheer precipices nearly fifty feet high. Crowning the cliffs is a long loopholed wall, with bastions at frequent intervals. The single gate, studded with huge spikes and protected by flanking towers of great strength, is approached by a narrow mountain-path. It was a task with which the Mávlis, alone perhaps of any troops in the world, could hope to cope successfully. The undertaking was entrusted to Tánájí Malusre, who had under him his brother Súryájí and one thousand picked men. Leaving Rájgad early in 1670, in order to avoid suspicion they proceeded in small parties over the hills to a rendezvous at the foot of the fort. Here they assembled for the escalade. It was a clear, moonless night, 'the ninth of the dark fortnight of the month Mágh,'[2] cold and still. The garrison consisted of a thousand Mussalmans and

[1] See the Ballad of Sinhagad, quoted in the Appendix to this volume, for the traditional account of this event

[2] February.

Rájputs under Udai Banu, an officer known all over the Dekhan for his daring and bodily strength. The Maráthás crept silently to a part of the cliff which, on account of its precipitous steepness, was less vigilantly guarded than the rest. Within, the garrison was revelling and feasting; the forms of the sentries, pacing the walls, could be dimly seen against the sky. A Mávli climbed stealthily up, and letting down a rope-ladder, pulled up Tánájí and three hundred of his followers. Suddenly the sentry stopped and listened. A moment later he fell, pierced to the heart by an arrow. But it was too late. The alarm was given, and the garrison, lighting flares and torches, began to turn out in the direction of the sound. There was nothing in it but to charge, and Tánájí sounded the advance. But at that moment he himself fell, and the Maráthás, now without a leader, began to fall back to their ladder in confusion. Fortunately they met Súryájí, who had just succeeded in effecting a lodgement with the main body. Súryájí at once grasped the state of affairs. 'Cowards!' he cried, 'will you see your father's body cast into a dung-pit by scavengers? The ropes are down, and there is no retreat!' Stung by the taunt, the Maráthás rallied, and raising their battle-cry of 'Har, Har, Mahádev!' charged home. Inch by inch the Rájputs were forced back towards the battlements. Resistance grew fainter and fainter and at last the fort was won. A Maráthá, firing the thatched roof of a hut, gave the long-expected signal to the anxious watchers on the walls of Rájgad.

When the bleak winter dawn appeared over the Sayhádris, a ghastly sight presented itself to the eye. Both leaders were dead, and the ground was strewn with corpses. About five hundred Rájputs, too desperately wounded to move, were taken prisoners. The rest of the garrison had either died fighting, or had hurled themselves over the battlements rather than surrender, so whole-hearted was their devotion to the Emperor who suspected and humiliated them, and purposely left them without reinforcements. The fort was taken, but at a heavy price. Tánájí Malusre had died, as every right-minded man would wish to die, with his face to the foe, in one of the most gallant and desperate feats of arms of an age abounding in desperate deeds. Not a great leader like Moro Pingle or Náthájí Pálkar, he was an honest and devoted soldier. He was Shivájí's earliest friend, and had been with him through all his perils. He was present at the death of Afzal Khán, and had organized the escape from Delhi. When Shivájí heard of his loss, he was deeply grieved. 'I have won the fort and lost my Lion!' he cried, and the name, Lion's Fort, commemorates the death of the gallant officer who died to win it.[1] The storming-party was received with acclamation on its return, and the soldiers rewarded with silver bracelets and other gifts.

The other forts held by the Moghals were soon afterwards recaptured one by one. In many cases the garrisons resisted desperately, but Prince Muazzam,

[1] Before it had been called Kondáná.

systematically starved of troops by Aurangzeb, was unable to send them reinforcements. It was shortly after the fall of Sinhagad that Shivájí came nearer than he had ever done to capturing Janjirá, the gallant little fort which had beaten him off every year since 1661. Fath Khán was so hard pressed that he withdrew from the neighbouring fort of Dandá Rájpúrí, and was about to surrender. This course, however, did not suit the garrison. They put Fath Khán in irons, appointed Sídí Yakút in his place, and continued the war. Sídí Yakút sent his fleet to attack the Maráthá vessels, and when he captured a ship, tied stones to the sailors' feet and threw them overboard. Finally, when the Maráthá garrison was drunk during the *Holi* feast, he stormed Dandá Rájpúrí, and put the defenders to the sword. During the escalade, the powder magazine exploded, and Shivájí, asleep at Ráigad, is said to have heard the noise forty miles away, and to have exclaimed, 'Some disaster has befallen my men at Dandá Rájpúrí; go and see what it is.' On October the 3rd, 1670, at the head of fifteen thousand men, Shivájí made a second descent on Surat The English factory was defended by a party of marines under Steynsham Master, Oxenden being away. The French basely bought exemption by allowing the Maráthás to lay an ambush for an unfortunate Mahommedan, the deposed 'King of Kaskar', who had just landed from Mecca. He was captured and relieved of his gold and silver plate, and *mirabile dictu* of a 'golden bed and other rich furniture', which

had apparently accompanied him on his travels. For three days the marauders pillaged at ease, and were returning loaded with jewels, clothes, and specie to the value of millions of rupees, to Ráigad, when they were intercepted by a large body of Moghal cavalry, who waited in the pass near Násik to cut them off. Shivájí detached a body of troops to hold the enemy, while the convoy got away in safety, and they drove back the Mahommedans with great slaughter. This victory, however, was quite eclipsed by the brilliant cavalry action fought outside Chákan early in 1672 by Moro Pingle. In this, twenty thousand Maráthá horse charged a Moghal division under one Ikhlás Khán, and literally cut it to pieces. This was the first complete victory of a Maráthá force over an equal number of Moghals in the open field, and it greatly enhanced their prestige. The Maráthás now began to spread terror far and wide. They swooped down upon Khándesh and demanded *chauth*, they raided Ahmadnagar, Aurangábád, and even Golconda, and plunder poured into Ráigad, as body after body of horsemen rode in with fresh loads of pillage.

Meanwhile, the wretched kingdom of Bijápur, which had enjoyed a brief respite, was once more plunged into confusion by the death of its monarch, Áli Ádil Sháh (Dec. 15, 1672). Shivájí found the opportunity too tempting to pass over. He seized Panálá, plundered the foreign settlement at Húblí, and sent his fleet to raid the coast. By the summer of 1674, the Bijápur troops had been driven back to the walls of their

capital, and the Maráthás were in possession of the country as far as Miraj. It was in the course of this campaign that Shiváji had occasion to reprove a cavalry officer, Pratáp Ráo, for disobeying orders. The officer was so stung by the rebuke that he threw himself with a small body of horse against a large force of Bijápuris and was cut to pieces. Shiváji had now established himself as ruler of the Dekhan. He had not only reconquered all the ground lost by his surrender to Aurangzeb, but he had defeated all rivals in the open field. Bijápur was reduced to impotence: Golconda was paralysed: the Viceroy of the Dekhan looked on helplessly while the Mahommedan garrisons were captured and Maráthá troops plundered the very suburbs of Aurangábád. Shiváji therefore determined to be crowned lawful monarch of the lands which he had won by the strength of his arm. Curiously enough, a deputation from the English factory, headed by Henry Oxenden, reached Ráigad in time to witness the ceremony (June 6, 1674). They had come to obtain redress for the raids on Surat, Húblí, and Kárwár, to try and arrange a treaty. Their experiences are recorded for us in the entertaining narrative of Dr. Fryer, who, no doubt, met the embassy soon after its return. When they arrived at the top of the rock, Shiváji was absent. He had gone to Pratápgad, where he remained for some days in prayer before the shrine of Ambá Bhavání, in preparation for the great event of his career. It was, perhaps, on this occasion that the curious incident noted in one of the

old narratives took place.[1] Whilst engaged in prayer, Shivájí fell into a deep trance, and Bhavání entered his body. Using him as a medium she spoke and prophesied the future destiny of the nation about to be born. She foretold how Shambájí should be captured by the Moghals: how Rájá Rám should succeed him: how Shivájí should be born again and lead his people to the gates of Delhi: how the dominion should remain in the Bhosle family for twenty-seven generations: *and lastly, how the sceptre should pass into the hands of a strange people with red faces.* The words were taken down, as they were spoken, by Ragunáth Náráyan Hánamante, Dattojí Pant Waknis, and Bálájí Prabhu Chitnávis, who certified to their truth.

On his return, Shivájí had an interview with the English embassy, who had been hospitably received and entertained, though they found the food very trying.[2] They complained that their factories had suffered severely in the attacks on Surat, Kárwár, Húblí, and other places; they wished to have permission to trade without duty (except the 2½ per cent. import duty), throughout the Rájá's domains: they asked that wrecks should not be plundered, and that English coin should be recognized as current in the Dekhan. After some preliminaries (including handsome presents, of course, to various ministers), the ambassadors were received in audience. The Rájá was courteous,

[1] Frissel's MS.

[2] Nothing but rice and ghee, till the Rájá sent a butcher to supply them with goat! (*Fryer*, p. 78).

and consented, in return for a tribute, to allow free trade for English goods and the establishment of an English factory. Wrecks, he pointed out, were looked on by the fisher folk as their right, but the crews should be respected. As for coins, he said that English money, being of a high standard of purity, would always fetch its value in India, and an agreement on that head would be unnecessary.

The coronation of Shivájí was a scene of great splendour. Gágábhatt, a *shástri* of renown from Benáres, was present, and performed the ceremony according to the strictest ritual. First, the Rájá was invested with the sacred thread, and declared to be an anointed Kshatriya, lord of the Maráthá race.[1] Then he weighed himself in gold, and distributed it to the Brahmans. Lastly, clad in gorgeous robes, the Rájá mounted the throne prepared for him, amid cries of '*Shivájí Mahóráj ki jái!*' from the vast crowd assembled in the precincts. The guns of Ráigad thundered volley after volley, the sound was caught up and repeated from fort to fort, till from end to end of the Sayhádrís the roar of artillery, for hundreds of miles, proclaimed to the world the birth of the Maráthá nation. That night, merry-making and rejoicing, music and dancing, gladdened the hearts of high and low in every hamlet of the Dekhan. In Ráigad, the spoils of plundered cities, stored for years, were poured out with lavish hand. Fifty thousand

[1] His title in full was *Kshatriya Kulavtansa Srí Rájá Shiva Chhatrapati.*

Brahmans were fed for a week, and innumerable costly presents were distributed. Gágábhatt alone received £10,000. Meanwhile, Shivájí, seated on his throne with a golden image of Vishnu in his right hand, his queen and his son at his side, and his eight Ministers, holding their symbolic emblems, around him, went through the stately ritual of an Indian coronation. Finally, mounting his horse, he rode in state round the town at the head of his troops.[1]

For the next two years there was a lull in military operations. Shivájí, worn out with the immense exertions of his life, contented himself with some plundering raids, and with measures designed to secure his conquests. He was severely ill in 1676, and, sensible of his coming end, devoted himself to religious observances. It was perhaps at this time, that, feeling that the great task of his life was achieved, he wished to hand his realm over to Rámdás, and becoming a *sanyási*, to spend the rest of his life in contemplation. Rámdás, the prince's spiritual adviser since his boyhood, accepted the gift, and then, handing it back, bade Shivájí use it for the good of mankind. Shivájí was a sincerely pious man, devoted to his country's gods, and nothing is more remarkable than the outburst of religious and poetic fervour which followed upon his revival of the Maráthá national spirit. After the great Rámdás, perhaps the most remarkable personality was the sweet singer Tukárám, whose

[1] A most interesting account of the ritual used will be found in the *Gazetteer*, Bombay Pres., xi. 370 ff.

pious strains are still sung by high and low, peasant and Brahman, all over the Dekhan. The story is well known, how, when Sháyistá Khán held Poona, Shivájí stole down through the enemy's lines to attend a festival at which his hymns were chanted. On another occasion it is related that the prince, when at Lohágad, sent an escort to fetch the poet to his presence. But Tukárám, lost in meditation on the Bhandára hill, had no use for courts or gifts.

'Torches, umbrella, steeds,' he wrote, 'what be these to me?
Lord of Pandhari, why seek to ensnare me thus?
Pomps and Vanities are to me as dust and ashes:
"Hasten, O Lord, to my help," saith Tukárám the bard.'

But he sent the young[1] prince seven stanzas of wise advice on the duties of the ruler.

Shivájí's last expedition was undertaken in 1676. At the end of that year he set out, with the largest Maráthá force which had ever yet taken the field at one time,[2] to claim half of his father's *jághír* in the Karnátak, which had hitherto remained in the possession of his brother Venkájí. Such a claim appears to the impartial historian as not only unjust but imprudent; the Dekhan and the Konkan were, racially and geographically, the natural limits of Maráthá occupation, and to cross the Krishná was to tempt the Moghals to a fresh incursion into the country from which they had been driven with so much bloodshed.

[1] The *traditional* date of Tukarám's poem is 1643. The poems by Tukárám and Rámdas relating to Shivájí will be found translated in Appendix II to this volume.

[2] 40,000 foot and 30,000 horse according to the MS.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Maráthás were born plunderers, and since his first rise to power, Shivájí had only retained his position by. constant predatory warfare. The feeble state of the wretched kingdom of Bijápur, however repugnant the idea may be to our notions of fair play, offered an irresistible temptation, and the rich fields of the Karnátak promised a welcome change after the much-ravaged north, where the Maráthá horsemen, like a swarm of locusts, had stripped the country of every trace of wealth. Even Surat, with its new stone walls, was no longer as easy a prey as it had been. There was, after all, not much to be feared with regard to the Moghals. The officer in charge at Aurangábád was not over-eager to cross swords with his redoubtable opponents, and to make assurance doubly sure, Shivájí took the bold course of visiting Golconda and entering into an alliance with its monarch. At the same time, Moro Trimal Pingle, the Peshwá, was left as Regent at Ráigad, with orders to guard against possible incursions and to keep up the perennial warfare with Janjirá. The invasion was a complete success for the Maráthá arms. The fortress of Gíngí, afterwards destined to become the great rallying-point for the Maráthás in the apparent hour of Moghal victory, surrendered; Vellore was taken, together with the Kolhar and Bangalore districts, the latter being part of the ancestral territory granted to Sháhjí; and Venkájí, in great despondency, consented, perforce, to surrender half his possessions to his masterful brother.

Aurangzeb's policy with regard to the Dekhan was to encourage all the states to quarrel until they should be so exhausted as to be an easy prey. He now thought it time to interfere, and so he sent Diler Khán, the famous Patháu officer who had formerly been the colleague of Jái Singh in the campaign of 1662–5, to co-operate with Bijápur. On receipt of this news, Shivájí returned to the Dekhan by way of Bellary, which he took *en route.* Meanwhile, however, in the inconsequential manner which makes Oriental warfare so puzzling to follow, Diler Khán had quarrelled with his allies, and had demanded the Pádshah Bíbí, the Sultán's sister, as a hostage. A famous story is told of how the princess rode into the enemy's camp, and gave herself up to save the doomed city from further slaughter. Shivájí, who had no wish to see his ancient foe fall a victim to the Moghal,—with the Moghals at Bijápur he would have a powerful enemy on either flank,—now made a diversion in their favour. He sent forces to plunder and harry Moghal territory, and eventually caused Diler Khán to retreat. Shivájí, as usual, was carrying all before him, when suddenly, at Ráigad, a disease of the knee brought on a violent attack of fever. Worn out by constant exertion, the great warrior and statesman succumbed to what at first had appeared to be a trifling illness, and he passed away on the 5th of April, 1680, at the age of fifty-three. 'On that day', says the ungallant Kháfí Khán, making an anagram, Persian-wise, of the date, 'the Kafir went to Hell.'

CHAPTER VIII

SHIVÁJÍ'S CHARACTER AND ACHIEVEMENTS

IT has been the custom merely to consider Shivájí as a great warrior—the liberator of his country, by means often to be considered, when judged by western standards, as base and treacherous, from the shackles of Mahommedan domination. This point of view is, in nearly every respect, a false one. Of his supposed treachery we shall have occasion to speak later on. Like nearly all great warriors—Napoleon is a conspicuous example—Shivájí was also a great administrator, for the qualities which go to make a capable general are generally those which are required by the successful organizer and statesman. It is convenient, however, to deal first with the Maráthá army, the weapon forged by Shivájí to achieve his great struggle for independence. The backbone of his force was his body of Mávlis. These trusty troops, the hillmen of the central Dekhan, had been first organized and trained by him, and to the last they clung to their beloved leader with splendid courage and fidelity. But the Mávlis were only of use in the hills. In the earlier campaigns, which were chiefly waged for the purpose of recapturing the forts and ambushing forces in the passes and jungles, they were invaluable. It was they who surprised Jávli and scattered the army

of Afzal Khán, and scaled the sheer precipices of Sinhagad. Their principal weapons were the sword and shield, and their method of attack was to creep within charging distance, and then to rush wildly upon the enemy with loud cries, retreating with equal speed if repulsed. But for work in the plains, regular campaigns and long marches, Shivájí added to his force several regiments of Hetkaris. These were recruited from Sávantvadi and other parts of the Konkan.[1] They were good marksmen and were armed with matchlocks, though one in every ten carried a bow, as in escalading a fort it was often necessary to pick off a sentry without noise. The organization was very much the same as that of the Mahommedans, and it still prevails in our Indian Army with comparatively little alteration. The squad was commanded by a *náik* or corporal, the half-company by a *haviddár* or sergeant, the company by a *jumladár* or captain. Above them were the battalion and brigade commanders (in charge of 1,000 and 5,000 men respectively), and the *Sarnobat* or *Senápati*, the Commander-in-chief. Of regular drill there was little or none, and this explains the fact that small forces of troops trained on European lines could overcome the best native army with ease. Thus, at the battle of Khirkí in 1817, a British force of 2,800 men defeated the flower of the Maráthá chivalry, though the latter were by no means deficient in courage or dash. It must be remembered that great though Shivájí was,

[1] *Het* is a tract of country south of the Savitri.

he seldom faced a really skilful adversary in the open field. His opponents were usually either grossly incompetent, or undermined by distrust and treachery. He knew this, and probably that was why he at once surrendered when a competent leader like the Rájá Jái Singh took the field against him. Certainly, both Afzal Khán and the Sidi Johár, had they taken ordinary military precautions, should have ended his career with promptitude. But Eastern campaigns are conducted in a fitful, haphazard fashion, with little regard to strategy. Wellesley's campaign in the Dekhan in 1802 shows how easily a scientific plan of action might have overcome resistance. Shivájí's army is reckoned at as much as 50,000 troops all told. This, if not a great exaggeration altogether, includes the numerous *garrisons* employed to guard and maintain the forts. His usual striking force was about 10,000 troops of all arms.[1]

Since the coming of the Mahommedans, cavalry had played an increasingly important part in Indian warfare. Most of the great feudatories of the Dekhan were ranked according to the number of cavalry they could put into the field. At first, Shivájí neither had nor needed cavalry. His Mávlis were frequently mounted on the little Dekhan *tats*, but they were merely mounted infantry. They could not stand up for a moment before a charge of the heavy Mahommedan

[1] Fryer says he had '30,000 horsemen and footmen innumerable', but 'miserable souls for soldiers: they looked like our old *Britains*, half-naked, and as fierce when all lies open before them' (*New Account*, p. 147).

horse. Shiváji later on raised a body of seven thousand horse mounted on steeds captured from Afzal Khán and from the Moghals on the occasion of various raids, and entrusted them to the able but cruel Náthájí Pálkar. They were a great asset, and in later days the sturdy Maráthá horseman, his long lance in rest, and his scanty feed hung in the *tobra* at his side, scoured all over India, bringing terror to the gates of Delhi itself. A nursery rhyme, still familiar in Bengal, echoes this fear:

> 'The baby is sleeping, the village is still,
> The *borgis* are riding around:
> The bulbuls have eaten the grain in the ear,
> Oh, how is the rent to be found?'

The *borgi* is the *Búrgir*, or Maráthá trooper who is supplied with a horse at the expense of the state. The *Silladár* provided his own horse. Pay varied from about twelve rupees a month to a trooper, to eight hundred for a brigadier. The Mávlis appear to have been paid in kind. Shivájí, like all great generals, was adored by his troops, who would follow him anywhere. He was generous in rewards, but a strict disciplinarian. It will be remembered how his quondam opponent, Bájí Prabhu, held the pass of Ránganá till he fell. On the other hand, Khanduji Kakre was executed for conniving at the escape of Afzal Khán's family: Shamráj Pant was dismissed for his failure before Janjirá: and we hear of another unsuccessful officer committing suicide rather than face his master's wrath. Shivájí considered that the

chief strength of the Dekhan lay in the hill-forts, and here he was quite right. The obstinate defence put up by Chákan against the Moghal army showed their strategic value. Only hillmen like the Mávlis could hope to surprise them. On the chief of these strongholds, Rájgad, Ráigad, Torná, Pratápgad, and others, he expended extraordinary care and skill. Ráigad has earned for itself the name of the Gibraltar of the East. There were, in all, two hundred and eighty of these, and many of them are connected with the most stirring events of Shivájí's eventful career. The people were taught to regard 'the fort as their mother'—as indeed it was, for thither the inhabitants of the surrounding villages resorted in time of invasion, with their flocks and herds and treasure, and in times of peace they earned a living by supplying the garrisons with provisions and fodder. In order to prevent a recurrence of the treachery by which he himself had taken so many strongholds, Shivájí provided that in each garrison there should be a mixture of castes. Any one who has been engaged in administrative work in India will appreciate the prudence of this precaution. The garrison usually consisted of Mávlis, commanded by a Maráthá Havildár. The Havildár was associated with a Prabhu *Kárkhánis*, or Garrison Engineer, while the Brahmin *Subhedár*, or Civil officer of the district, also resided there. The surrounding hill-sides were entrusted to the *Rámoshis*, or aboriginal low-caste folk, who kept charge of the adjacent forest, gave

early warning of an approaching foe, and collected grass and firewood for the garrison. In one arm, artillery, Shivájí was extremely weak, and this partly accounts for his repeated failures before Janjirá.

The campaigning season was from October to April. At the close of the rains, at the great Hindu festival of *Dasara,* which usually falls early in October, the troops were paraded, and a review was held, at which the equipment of all ranks was carefully examined. At this festival, Shivájí's goddess, Ambábái of Tuljápur, was worshipped with great solemnity, in order that she might bestow her blessing upon the operations of the ensuing season.

The Civil System introduced by Shivájí resembled, in its essential respects, the system of government which has obtained in India since the time of the Mauryas, and which, with comparatively trifling alterations, is in force under the British Government to-day. The so-called 'bureaucracy', against which it is now the fashion to inveigh, is really indigenous to the soil, and probably more suited to the needs of an Eastern people than any form of representative government. The districts were managed by village and district officers, as they are to-day; the chief difference being the absence of our present elaborate judicial system. Civil cases were decided by the local *panchâyat,* criminal cases by the *Sástras,* as interpreted by the *Nyáyádish,* or chief Justice. As in the Army, Shivájí was careful that Prabhus, Maráthás, and Brahmans should all take their share

in Civil government; the Brahman monopoly of office, which began, with fatal results, under the rule of the Peshwás, and still prevails to a certain extent, was carefully avoided. The central Government consisted of the Heads of Departments, who formed a Cabinet not unlike the old Legislative Council.[1] It was called the *Ashtapradhán*, or Council of Eight, and directed the policy of the State in general. It did not meet very often, as its members were nearly all military officers, engaged in the field, and the local organization sufficed for ordinary occasions. The Prime Minister, or Peshwá, was the famous Moro Pingle; the other officers were the Auditor-General, the Record Keeper, the Secretary, the Commander-in-Chief, the Foreign Minister, the Chief Justice, and an ecclesiastical officer who acted as astrologer, interpreter of sacred books, and chief authority upon religious customs and ceremonies in general. Besides these Ministers, were the usual army of clerks, accountants, and other officials, who make up the permanent Civil Service in any country.

The chief cause of unrest in India is usually economic, and it was Shivájí's economic reforms which chiefly commended him to the people. In this he owed much to the precept and example of the just and righteous Dádájí Kondev, who, in his turn, borrowed a great deal from the great Mahom-

[1] It has been absurdly compared to a Parliament! It was nothing of the kind. Elective institutions were unknown in India, and the *Ashtapradhán* was a Cabinet. Its members were nearly all military.

medan financiers, Málik Ambar of Ahmadnagar, and Todar Mál of Agra Authority in the Dekhan had, since the overthrow of the Hindu Ráj by the Mahommedans, fallen into the hands of the great feudal nobles, who, in the absence of a strong central Government, did very much as they pleased. Taxes were farmed out, and as long as the dues were paid to the authorities, no questions were asked about the manner of their collection. The unfortunate *ráyat*, afflicted by famine and oppression, had no court of appeal and no means of redress. It was Dádájí's just administration of the *jághír* of Poona which first won the hearts of the Mávlis to Shivájí's cause. In this respect, Shivájí effected two great and lasting reforms. Firstly, assessment of the tax was to be made on the state of the crop, so that in famine years taxation was practically *nil.*[1] Cattle, grain, seed, and money were advanced on liberal terms to encourage farming. Secondly, all tax-farming was peremptorily stopped, and taxes were collected only under the supervision of the officials of the Central Government. The great Dekhan nobles, the Jádavs, the Mores, the Sávants, and the rest, had been Shivájí's chief rivals and opponents, and he sought to break their power for ever. No land was henceforth granted in return for military service, and troopers were enlisted, for fixed rates of pay, by the Government. The system of

[1] The tax was two-fifths of the crop or its value It was usually paid in kind See the note at the end of the chapter for further details

employing the n bles and their retainers ceased to exist. Again, Shiváji took the greatest care that none of the great offices of the state should become hereditary. They were given as a reward of merit, and the holder was frequently dismissed for incompetence. This wise and statesmanlike regulation was, unfortunately, not adhered to by the later Maráthá rulers.

In appearance, Shiváji was a typical Maráthá. He was short and slight,[1] with long arms, small hands, an aquiline nose, a pointed beard, and a fair complexion. He had piercing eyes, and a resolute face, handsome and intelligent, but hard and feline. He was an excellent swordsman and horseman, of wonderful endurance, and pleasing and frank in manner. Of his personal character, many estimates, of a most diverse nature, have been formed. Grant Duff, with memories of the Maráthá power still recent in his mind, speaks of him as an assassin and freebooter, and this, unfortunately, is the opinion followed by most subsequent English writers.[2] On the other hand, Indian writers are prone, often for political ends, to exaggerate his good qualities to an extraordinary degree. The fairest estimate is that of Kháfí Khán, who, being himself an historian of Aurangzeb's court, can scarcely be accused of a

[1] He weighed 10 st. at his coronation. See Fryer, Waring's *Maráthás*, p 87, and the Vignette in Orme's *Fragments*.

[2] Even Grant Duff owns that 'his claim to high rank in the page of history must be admitted'.

bias in Shiváji's favour. Kháfí Khán writes as follows:[1]

'He attacked the caravans which came from distant parts, and appropriated to himself the goods and the women. But he made it a rule, that wherever his followers went plundering, they should do no harm to Mosques, the Book of God, or any one's women. Whenever a copy of the Holy Kurán came into his hands, he treated it with respect, and gave it to some of his Musalmán followers. When the women of any Hindu or Mahommedan were taken prisoners by his men, and they had no friend to protect them, he watched over them till their relations came to buy them their liberty.[2] . . . He laid down a rule, that whenever a place was plundered, the goods of poor people, copper money, and vessels of brass and copper, should belong to the man who found them; but other articles, gold and silver, coined or uncoined, gems, valuable stuffs and jewels, were not to belong to the finder, but were to be given without the smallest deduction to the officers, and to be by them paid over to Shiváji's Government.'[3]

Shiváji must not be judged by twentieth-century Western standards. He was, according to the ethics of his age and nation, a brave and chivalrous man. He was fighting a desperate battle, against enormous

[1] Elliot and Dowson, vii. 260.

[2] Shiváji's respect for women was so well known, that on more than one occasion Mahommedans escaped from the sack of a town *by dressing in women's clothes*.

[3] So, at the plunder of Surat, Mánkar (§ 54) tells us that 'they did not touch cloth, copper utensils, and other insignificant articles'. The story of Smith, the English merchant, who was taken prisoner, that he saw Shiváji chopping off the heads and hands of those who concealed their wealth, must be a gross exaggeration.

odds, and he could expect little mercy from his foes had he fallen into their clutches. His was a dark and violent age, and at least Shivájí's hands were not stained, like those of Aurangzeb, with the blood of his kindred. He was never deliberately or wantonly cruel. To respect women, mosques, and non-combatants, to stop promiscuous slaughter after a battle, to release and dismiss with honour captured officers and men—these are, surely, no light virtues. His attacks upon the Mores and Ghorpades were inspired by the treachery which both had shown, and by the hatred which he felt for his countrymen who refused to join in the national uprising. The Maráthás, born and bred in the stern and barren Dekhan Hills, living largely on plunder, were naturally a wild and ruthless race. Shivájí had his share of these national characteristics, but he was never guilty of such enormities as stained, for example, the name of the infamous Náná Sáheb. He certainly, from the English point of view, acted treacherously towards Afzal Khán. On the other hand, Afzal Khán, with his knowledge of the Dekhan, deserves little commiseration. No officer of intelligence should have walked into such a trap, and Shivájí was, moreover, incensed by the wanton desecration of the most holy of the Dekhan shrines.[1] Nor is there much doubt that the dungeon prepared for Sháhjí would have been quickly

[1] The murder of Afzal Khán was, after all, no more treacherous than the murder of the Red Comyn. Yet what historian seriously blames Robert the Bruce?

filled by his son—perhaps, according to Mahommedan usage, maimed and blinded—had he surrendered to his opponent.

Shivájí was a sincerely religious man. He believed himself to be constantly guided and inspired by the goddess Bhavání. He was the disciple of the great Dekhan preacher and poet, Rám Dás, and an admirer of the saintly Tukárám. His devotion to his parents, especially to his mother Jijábái, was proverbial. And, lastly, we must not forget that he organized the army which shattered the Moghal Empire in the height of its power,—a task which the Rájputs themselves essayed in vain,—which spread terror from Ramésvaram to Attock, and which offered the only real opposition to the British in northern India. The glories of the Peshwás and of the Rájás of Sátára have long since departed, but in the great feudatory states of Western Hindustan— Gwálior, Indore, Baroda —we still see the fruits of the organizing genius of Shivájí

ADDITIONAL NOTE

SHIVÁJÍ'S REVENUE SYSTEM

The following details may be useful to students: Land was classified as rice, hill, or garden land Rice land, being the most valuable, was divided into twelve classes, and the tax was 40 per cent., or two-fifths, on what was considered to be the average yield of each class. This came to about 57½ bushels per acre on first-class land, and about 23 bushels on land of the last class In practice, however, the assessment was found too severe, and was reduced to about 33 per cent. In the case

of gardens, coco-nut trees in bearing paid half their nuts, barren trees being exempted. Toddy palms, jack-fruit, &c., paid from 6*d*. to 2*s*. per tree, and other crops in like proportion. Hill-country was generously treated, allowance being made for rocky soil and for time required for fallow. Our own Land Administration system is based on this plan, and hence is in accordance with national tradition. In the case of foreign lands overrun by Maráthá troops, an officer was left to collect *chauth* (tax of one-fourth), and if it was not forthcoming, it was taken by force.[1]

[1] See, for details of a typical province, the account in T. B. Jervis, *Statistical Memoir of the Konkan*, Calcutta, 1840.

APPENDIX I

THE BALLAD OF SINHAGAD

THE following ballad is a specimen of the popular songs still sung among the Maráthás of the Poona district to celebrate Shivájí's exploits. It was translated for me by Mr. C. A. Kincaid, C.V.O., I.C.S., by whose kindness I am permitted to print it. The original, together with another on the death of Afzal Khán, is given in Acworth and Sháligrám's collection.[1]

'Twas Queen Jijábái looked forth, to the East and to the North
As at Pratápgad one morning she combed her raven hair.
And white as ivory seeming, with the sunlight on it streaming.
The Lion's fort was gleaming in the February air.
'Now my messenger come hither; go ride to Rájgad, thither,
Tell Shivájí of Junnar that his mother needs him sore!'
And the messenger rode far by Madha and by Pár
And he thundered through Birwadi and he flashed through Poladpore.

[1] Bombay, 1891. See also Acworth's *Ballads of the Maráthás*, Longmans, 1894.

Now to Rájgad he has ridden and to enter he is bidden.
'Why comest thou thus unsummoned and why comest thou in such haste?'
''Tis Queen Jijábái has cried, till my son is at my side,
'No water shall I drink and no morsel shall I taste.'
'Bring my shield and breast-plate here, bring my tiger claws and spear,
'Lead Krishna from the stables, the pride of all the stud,
'For by Madha and by Pár, by the Moon and by the star
'Shivájí of Junnar must ride to Pratápgad.'
The blare of his horn woke Queen Jijábái at morn.
'Come Shivájí of Junnar, I would play at dice with thee.'
And the wager was taken and the dice-box was shaken.
'Bhaváni', prayed Queen Jijábái, 'grant victory to me.'
From her shrine above the valley high o'er Pár and Ambenali
Bhavání heard and ordered it that Shivájí should lose:
And thrown by either hand the dice at her command
For Jijábái showed sixes and for Shivájí fell twos.
'Now choose, mother mine, from my strongholds twenty-nine,
'Choose Rájgad or Ráigad or Sheri by the sea,
'Choose Makrangad or Chandan, choose Visapur or Wandan.'
'Nay, Shivájí of Junnar, give the Lion's fort to me.'

Then the Bhosle's brow grew black, as he slowly muttered back :
'Bút Udai Bhán the Rathor and his twelve sons guard the way;
'He has Arabs and Afgháns and Rájputs and Patháns.'
'Nay, the Lion's fortress give me: 'twas a wager; thou must pay.'
'But the elephant Chandravelly, the man-slayer from Delhi,
Will trample us to powder, if we break their fighting line.'
'Now God's curse upon thee rest, if thou dost not my behest,
'But on thee a mother's blessing when the Lion's fort is mine.'
Both back to Rájgad went, but a weary night he spent.
'Now who among my barons all will win the hold for me?
'To win it went forth many, but there came back never any;
Oft planted was the mango seed, but nowhere grows the tree.
'Where the emerald Konkan rests 'neath the Sayhádrí's crests
'Dwells Tánájí the Lion, my boldest baron he.
'Now my messenger ride back down the rugged Madha track
'And with twelve thousand men-at-arms call Tánájí to me.'
Swift the horseman crossed the Doni on his nimble Dekhan pony—
The little Doni water that lives but through the rains—

Then adown the sunny slopes to the verdant mango
topes,
That nestled round Umráthá in the pleasant Konkan
plains.
Through the outer gate he rode, through the Darbar
hall he strode,
Where Tánájí Malusre has seated him in state:
''Tis the Bhosle who has spoken. See! I bring his
betel token,
'And he calls thee with thy vassals and he bids thee
not be late.'
'Ho! gather Wadghar Naiks from your rice-fields and
your dykes,
'Ho! Shirkes of Umrátha your sturdy tenants bring,
'Ho! fly o'er Nandir manor the Sávant's knightly
banner
'And speed ye with your liege lord Malusre to the
King.'
With sword on shoulder hung, on his steed Malusre
sprung,
When his son the dark-eyed Ráyabá his father
craved to see:
'My father, prithee tarry, for to-morrow morn I marry
With the fairest in the Konkan, with the bride hast
picked for me.'
'When Ganga backward flows at the melting of the
snows,
'When Yamuna rolls her waters from Prayag to
Khatmandhu,
'Then only then, by Hari! shall I tarry, shalt thou
marry,
'When Shivájí of Junnar has work for me to do.'

They have reached Rájgad and wait. 'Fling wide
 the Hira gate.
'Oh, Shiváji of Junnar! was thy token but a jest?'
'Nay, Queen Jijábái did need thee, her lips alone shall
 speed thee;
'My Mother, tell thy champion his guerdon and his
 quest.'
She waved around his head her five-wick'd lamp and
 said:
'Of all the Bhosle's barons men shall deem thee as the
 first.
'Nay, I shall be thy mother and Shiváji thy brother,
'If thou wrest the Lion's fortress from the rule of the
 accurst.'
To her feet he bowed his crest: 'Be thy heart, O
 Queen, at rest.
'He who bears a mother's blessing is safe from
 every ill,
'And be thou at my side, my hand and blade to
 guide,
'O Bhaváni of Pratápgad, Bhaváni of the Hill!'
They have reached the broken ground, the Lion's fort
 around,
And they've freed the ghorpad[1] Yeshwant beneath the
 western gate;

[1] The *ghorpad* or iguana is common in the Dekhan It is attributed with extraordinary power and tenacity in rock-climbing, and there are many stories of its scaling castle walls. The family of Ghorpade earned their name from a legendary exploit like the one attributed in this ballad to Tánáji. The story here related has no support in contemporary accounts, but it is believed all over the Dekhan; for, say the people, the rock is so steep that it could have been scaled in no other way! It was certainly an extraordinary feat.

They have flung a necklace o'er him and bent the knee before him,
And they've tied the rope around him that should bear them to their fate.
Half-way the ghorpad turned, for the soul within him learned
That the fortress frowning o'er him soon would see Malusre die;
And the armed men behind him cried: 'O Tánájí, unbind him,
'Defeat and death await us, for the ghorpad cannot lie';
Loud laughed Malusre, scorning the ghorpad Yeshwant's warning,
'And if Hell yawned before us should a Kshattriya hesitate?
'If that lazy beast plays prophet, I shall soon make mincemeat of it
'And I'll cook it on chapattis and we'll eat it while we wait!'
Then the frightened ghorpad fled, up the dark rock overhead,
Till above he fixed his talons deeply, firmly in the heath.
And their hearts beat high with hope, as they scaled the swinging rope,
With their blankets round their faces and their tulwars in their teeth.
Fifty men, a chosen band, on the bastion's summit stand
When the rope breaks behind them as ye knap a strand at will.

'Now Kshattriyas stand fast! For the cause! For
 the caste!
'For Shivájí of Junnar and Bhavání of the Hill!'
On hands and knees they crept where the Arab
 guardmen slept
The sleep that comes unbroken from the wine when
 it is red.
Then a sudden silent dart and a knife thrust to the
 heart
And they slew the whole nine hundred save a single
 one who fled.
He fled on wings of fear to the castle's topmost tier,
Where Udai Bhán was toying with his eighteen ladies
 fair.
'Lo! the Kafir from the west, he has slaughtered all
 thy best.
'Leave thy revels and thy ladies or we lose the Lion's
 lair.'
Then Udai Bhán looked up, as he quaffed his golden cup,
'Now a curse upon the Kafir and a plague upon thy
 head.
'Send the elephant Chandravelly, the manslayer from
 Delhi.
'He will trample down the Kafir like the worm
 beneath his tread.'
They have drugged the brute with bhang till his
 trunk in fury swung,
And his eyeballs glared as red as the sun at eventide.
'Now yield, thou country lout,' cried in scorn the bold
 mahout,
'Or be trampled into powder under Chandravelly's
 stride.'

Fierce waxed Malusre's ire and his Konkan blood took fire
And he sprang astride the monster and his kick the driver slew.
Then his tulwar downward sped, where the trunk met tusks and head
And the manslayer sank lifeless as the singing blade shore through
'Udai Bhán be up and doing, or all Islam will be rueing.
'Chandravelly,' cried the Arab, 'lies a lump of bleeding clay.'
'Send my twelve sons to the battle, they will drive the foe like cattle,
'But my eighteen winsome ladies I shall love them while I may.'
Stamped on each bold stripling's face was his regal Rájput race--
All the fiery soul of Marwad flashing bright through every eye—
Like the crag adown the corrie, like the tiger on the quarry,
They rushed upon Malusre to kill him or to die.
Swift aside Malusre stept and as each one forward leapt,
He smote him through the shoulder all adown the sacred string,
And they died without a sigh for the cruel Chagatai,
With their faces towards the foeman and their backs upon the ling.
Then the Arab told their doom in the merry bridal room,
Where the Ráthor loved the ladies who sighed for him alone.

'Now thy gallant sons are slain, durst thou I
again
'And the laughter of the nobles and the ang
throne?'
Lo! Udai Bhán has sprung where his sw
buckler hung,
In a single line he's placed them, his eighte
fair,
And his blade flashed through and through
one and all he slew them
And lightly touched their life-blood on his
and his hair.
Now Bhavání of the Hill guard brave Tánájí
For the stoutest hand might tremble and th
heart might fear,
For in duel and in melée, the deftest blade in
Was this mighty Rájput captain of the
Alamgír.
As the lightning-flash descends where the
wends,
When the thunder-clouds are gathered around
in Jesht,
On Malusre fell the blow, beating sword an
arm low,
And Tánájí the Lion fell cloven to the waist.
Bhavání from her fane sorrowed sorely o'er t
'Deep and dark shall be the vengeance ere hi
Kailas go.'
And the breath of her hate burst wide the
gate
And Tánájí's twelve thousand sprang headlon
foe.

Then the good Maráthá steel clove the Ráthor to the heel,
And the rest they dragged in triumph to the Kalyán-gate to kill.
And the blood of the accurst ran free to quench the thirst
Of Bhaváni of Pratápgad, Bhaváni of the Hill.
On a cot their chief they laid, by his side his blood-stained blade,
And the conquered guns roared homage as they bore him down the Khind.
And no throne could have been fitter than that rude triumphal litter
For a baron of the Konkan, for a Kshattriya of Ind.
And they bore him back again to the sunny Konkan plain,
To his old fief of Umrátha where his fathers lived and died.
Twelve days the King wept o'er him for the great love that he bore him,
And the next he chose for Rayaba a fairer, luckier bride.
Then he sent a workman skilled a monument to build
On the Lion's fortress summit, on the spot where he was slain.
For all Maharashtra through, where the Bhagvá Jhendá blew,
His like ne'er lived before him and shall never live again.
And there carved in stone Virásan, still he looks o'er lake and station,
Ringed round with desolation, where the grey apes leap and swing.
And clear as history's pages he tells the after ages
How Tánájí the Lion won the Fortress for the King.

APPENDIX II

SHIVÁJÍ AND THE MARÁTHÁ POETS

THE great national revival under Shivájí brought with it, as such revivals often do, an outburst of poetic writing. The great Maráthá poets who are associated in popular tradition with the name of Shivájí, are Tukárám and Rámdás. Of each of these I here give a brief sketch, with a translation of some of the poems bearing more directly on Shivájí. They may be of interest to the reader, as Maráthí poetry is almost unknown to the outside world, and Rámdás, at least, has never before been translated. Maráthí poetry has few of the distinctively 'lyric graces' of western verse. It is partly 'gnomic' and sententious, partly devotional. In the latter respect it resembles curiously the poetry of the so-called 'metaphysical' school of English poets,—Crashaw, Vaughan, Herbert, —especially in its quaint conceits and its genuinely mystic note. Tukárám, especially, rises to extraordinary heights in the latter respect. I have had to translate somewhat freely in order to meet English readers, as Maráthí poetry, in an English dress, often appears inconsequent and elliptical if literally rendered. In these translations I am greatly indebted to Mr. R. D. Ranade, M.A., a profound Maráthí scholar with a unique knowledge of the poetry of his nation.

Tukárám's stanzas are quoted from the Nirnáyaságar edition (1912); those of Rámdás from Gondhakekar's collected edition of the *Works* (Dhulia, 1906).

I. TUKÁRÁM

Tukárám was born in 1608 at Dehu, near Poona, on the banks of the Indrayání. His father kept a little store. In 1629 one of the terrible periodic famines swept over the Dekhan, and all whom he loved perished in it. He took to the worship of Vithobá, the god of Pandhárpur, and though after the famine he married again, his devotion for the deity grew daily upon him. He identified Vithobá and Krishna, and his poetry rises to almost lyrical heights in praise of him. He was cruelly persecuted by the Brahmans, but by his patience under torment he won their hearts. Shivájí visited him and tried in vain to get him to come to his court. Tukárám, however, refused, saying that Rámdás was a fitter preceptor for the prince. He, however, addressed Shivájí in a number of stanzas giving him wise advice and blessing his enterprise. In 1649 he disappeared. 'I am going to my mother's village,' he said, in a pathetic verse he left behind. The common people said that Vithobá carried him to Heaven in his chariot.

Tukárám is the popular poet, *par excellence*, of the Dekhan. His verses are still chanted by high and low, and form a guide in life to those who are unacquainted with Sanskrit, and cannot read the Sacred Books. He

is a true mystic, and his artless verses, always sincere, always filled with a personal perception of the Divine Presence, sometimes rise to wonderful heights of devotion and praise.

The following is part of the Epistle which Tukárám sent to Shivájí, when the Council of Eight went to him in a body and implored him to come to the court:

(4440) God made the world, and in it He placed all manner of skill: a skilful Prince art thou, wise in heart devoted to thy Teacher.

Siva is thy name, Lord of the Maráthá hosts, Lord of the Umbrella, Governor of the world · vows and penance, meditation and *yoga*, these thou hast practised, therefore thou invitest me to come.

Listen to me, O Prince, while I reply; this is my request Dwellers in the forest are we, we roam homeless, wild and uncouth to behold, unwashed and naked, foodless and living on wild fruits

I am lean and ugly, my hands and feet are far from beautiful · what then is the pleasure of seeing me? Listen to my request, saith Tuka, invite me not to come.

(4441) Why come to thy court? Why weary myself with a fruitless pilgrimage? Alms are my support, cast-off rags my raiment, stone my bed, the sky my covering.

Why then ask thy help? It is but wasted time The king is the fountain of honour, but honours give no peace to the Soul · The fortunate are blessed by the king, the rest remain unhappy, looking upon the

rich in golden raiment, I feel that I am already dead to the world.

Even if thou forsakest me, God forsakes me not: This then is my last message to thee, The Mendicant's life is the best for me.

Many honourable men suffer torture, for penance, vows, sacrifices; none of these can rid them of Desire: you are honourable men, saith Tuka, but the devotee is already blessed.

(4443) Do now one thing, Grow not weary of well-doing: invite me not, for it will be a sin.

Bad men, fault-finders, there be in plenty around thee, take no heed of such: find out the rulers, make this thy aim.

Do this and my heart finds Peace: I need not visit thee, for life is short.

There is one Truth in the world: there is One Soul in all Being. Pin thy faith to This Soul, see thyself mirrored in Rámdás: Do this, O Prince, and Thou and the whole world shalt be blest therein, thy fame will pervade the Universe, saith Tuka.

Finding that he could not get Tukárám to come to court, Shivájí went to visit him. The following is the stanza said to have been uttered by the poet on this occasion:

(4445) King Shivájí, listen to me; fix thy mind on Rámdás: Rámdás is thy teacher, thy sage, go prostrate before him.

An incarnation of Máruti, he hath imparted to thee his secret word (*mantram*): the secret word of Ráma saves. It relieved the Lord of Uma Himself in his pain.

Repeating backwards the Name of Ráma, Valmiki found salvation · this also was the secret of Vasistha; resort not, therefore, to any one else. Ráma-Pánduranga will save thee; think therefore of none but Rámdás.

We are indifferent to thee, Lord of the Umbrella (*chhatrapati*), for we are Lords of Rags (*patrapati*): we have the right to alms in all quarters, and yet we often lack bread.

God hast bestowed upon us the begging-bowl as His Gift: let us, then, go our ways, for thou also art a devotee of Ráma. We are the servants of Vithala, God will not forsake us

Humble yourself before Rámdás; blessings be upon you, saith Tuka, make obeisance to your Teacher

II. RÁMDÁS

Náráyan, afterwards called Rám-dás (the slave of Ráma), was born in A.D. 1608 on the banks of the Godávari. Early in life he pledged himself to a life of celibacy and devotion, and in 1620, when he was about to be married, he ran away from the hall when the ceremony was being conducted, 'as the priests were beginning to chant the *Sávadhána*'. For twenty-four years he was never heard of by his parents. He first went to Tákali near Násik, where he spent twelve years in rigorous penance. After this (like Nának the Sikh Guru), he wandered all over India, visiting the great shrines. Among the places he is reported to have stayed at, are Benáres, Ayodhya, and Mathurá in the north; Jagannáth in the east; and Rameshwara

and Ceylon in the south. At each he founded a *mutha*, or monastery. Returning home in 1644, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, he visited his aged mother, and then settled down in the Krishná district. Wái and Máhulí were his favourite places of residence. Here in 1649 he gave his first audience to Shivájí. He visited the shrine of Pandhárpur, but when he gazed on the famous idol of Vithobá, he saw, not Vithobá, but his own deity Ráma. 'God is One, though the wise call Him by many names.'

Shivájí became more and more devoted to Rámdás, whom he adopted as his spiritual preceptor, about 1650. Rámdás therefore took up his residence at Parali near Sátára. In 1655, when Rámdás, according to the practice of the mendicants, came to ask an alms, Shivájí fell at his feet, and made over his empire to him. Rámdás accepted the gift, but returned it to the prince, saying that henceforth he must regard his kingdom as held in trust for God, and himself not a prince but a trustee. In token whereof, Shivájí adopted the 'brown banner' (*bhagvá jhendá*) as his standard in imitation of the brown robe of the mendicant.

After the murder of Afzal Khán in 1659, Shivájí was told by Rámdás that he owed his victory to faith in Bhavání. After this, we do not hear much of Rámdás in connexion with Shivájí. His great work, the *Dásabodha*, composed about this time, contains much sage advice, but it is philosophical rather than political. It is, however, full of shrewd practical observations on life. In 1680 Shivájí died. Rámdás

heard of Sambáji's evil courses, and wrote exhorting him to give up his vicious life and follow the example of his mighty father, but all in vain. In the following year this remarkable man called his disciples around him and told them his time had come. Of the three great Maráthí poets of the period, it may be said that Eknáth was literary, Tukárám emotional, and Rámdás practical. Rámdás, 'the power behind the throne,' is inseparably bound up, in the minds of the Maráthás, with the rise of the national power under Shivájí. The *Sat-Káryottejaka Sabha*, Dhulia, is now collecting and publishing his works, and they have recently acquired a MS. of the *Dásabodha* by Kalyán, his favourite disciple, with notes by the Master himself. The *Bhárata-Itihása-Samshodhaka-Mandala*, Poona, claims to have discovered some original documents and letters, but these are not yet available. None of the works of Rámdás has been hitherto translated into English.

I. Shivájí went to visit Rámdás at Máhulí in 1649 Rámdás was at Cháphal, but he sent Shivájí the following epistle:

(1, 2) Immovable at heart, the protector of many, resolute to lead a holy life, rich and meditative, generous-hearted—who can vie with such an one?

. . . . . .

(6) Bold and liberal and earnest-minded, alert and brave, you have put all kings to shame, O Prince.

(7) The shrines are desolate: the Brahmans' houses are polluted: the earth is quaking: Faith is dead.

(8) Gods and Cows, Brahmans and the Faith, these are to be protected: therefore God has raised you up.

. . . . . .

(10) In all the earth there is not another who can save the Faith: a remnant of the Faith you have saved.

(11) Through you religion survives; many look to you, blessed in your fame, world-renowned.

(12) The wicked are rooted out, they tremble. Many come to you for shelter, O Shiva, prince of auspicious name.

. . . . . .

II. Shivájí, after meeting Rámdás, wished to renounce the world, and become his disciple. But Rámdás told him that his duty lay with his people, and addressed to him the following 'Ode to Duty':

The Duty of a Prince.

(4) A Prince should gauge the capabilities of men: he should employ fit servants, putting aside the unfit.

. . . . . .

(7) Treachery should be blotted out: seek out Truth where she lies hid.

(8) Lucky is he who wins people's hearts: time-servers should be kept at a distance.

. . . . . .

(11) Luckless is he who grows weary of action: cowardly is he who fails at the supreme moment.

. . . . . .

(17) Sheep run from a tiger: what do we care for a buffalo, though he be far larger?

(18) Kings should fulfil their kingly office: warriors

the duties of a soldier: Brahmans should perform their religious functions, each according to his station.

Duties of a Warrior.

(2) . . . He who is afraid, should shun the soldier's life, and fill his belly by other kinds of work. . . .

(4) A Warrior should die fighting and go to heaven: or striving valiantly, return to reap the meed of Victory. . . .

(12) When the Faith is dead, death is better than life, why live when Religion has perished?

(13) Gather the Maráthás together, make religion live again: our fathers laugh at us from Heaven!

. . . . . .

(15) If you are proud of your lineage, march out to the fight: shun it, and bitter will be your repentance.

(16) Forgive me, O Prince, but a man of one caste cannot fulfil the duties of another.

(17) The enemies of God are as dogs, root them out. Victory lies with the servants of God, doubt it not. . . .

(19) Discrimination, Prudence, Action, these be thy virtues: Ráma killed Rávana by the aid of the Lord of Tulajá.

(20) Tulajá Bhavání conferred her blessing on Ráma: to her Rámdás prays.

III. The following Ode was addressed by Rámdás to Shivájí after the latter's victory over Afzal Khán. This Ode, recently discovered, is given in the Dhulia Edition of the Dásbodha (Dasaka 18, Samása 6):

(1) Men deck their bodies with jewels and fine raiment: but far better is a soul arrayed in Wisdom.

(2) A resplendent body, decked with jewels and fine raiment, without the seed of Wisdom at its core, is void of worth. . . .

(7) Avoid excess, be sober: a wise man is never obstinate.

(8) Obstinacy is the cause of faction: and when two factions arise, one must perish.

(9) Tulajá Bhavání protects us: yet we should be prudent in our duty.

(10) A prudent man needs no warning: yet even he must be on the watch.

(11) A prince has many folk under him: he should therefore be prudent, for upon him rest the hopes of many.

(12) The accursed barbarian has waxed mighty: be continually on your guard against him.

(13) God does all: wondrous happy is he whom He favours.

(14) Justice and Thought: Wisdom in all things: Courage at the crisis and noble deeds: these be the gifts of God.

(16) Fame and Glory: unequalled Virtue: these be the gifts of God.

(17) Gods and Brahmans: Thought and Deed: the people's love and a charitable heart: these be the gifts of God.

(18) Thoughts for this world and the next: Prudence and Tolerance: these be the gifts of God.

(19) Thought for the ways of God: Veneration for Brahmans: Protection for the people: these be the gifts of God.

(20) Incarnations of God on Earth: Protectors of the Faith: these be the gifts of God.

(21) An eye for Merit · Shrewdness of mind: Love of the Faith a holy life these be the gifts of God.

(22) The noblest of virtues is Reason. by Reason only we cross safely the sea of life.

(Here endeth the sixth Samása, being the description of the Virtuous Man.)

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